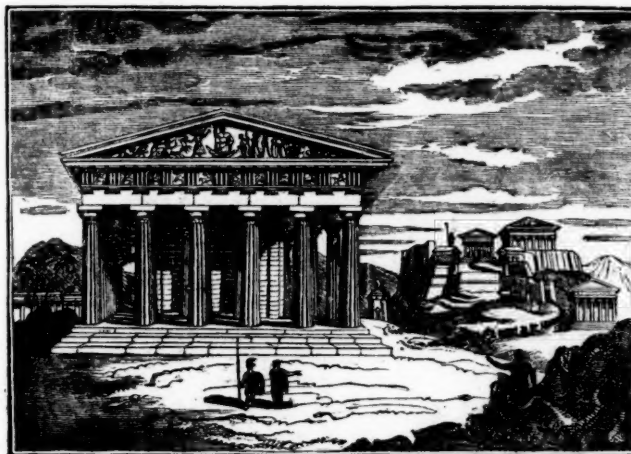


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M. J. H. H. H. H. H.

FOR THE

RECORD OF THE

W.M.

# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 166.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1831.

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## ADDRESS.

A few words in the way of address may be expected from us on this occasion. To our old friends we have only to express a hope that we have faithfully redeemed our pledges; and to new ones, we may be allowed to repeat our promises, and to explain under what circumstances this Paper was undertaken. There had long been so general an outcry against the corruptions of Reviews, and the direct influence of the great publishers in guiding the pen of criticism, that many well-informed men were of opinion that the public generally were sufficiently awake to the history and mystery of the system, to give an independent Review a fair chance of popularity. In this spirit the *ATHENÆUM* was purchased in June last by the present proprietors, and entrusted to the uncontrolled and unbiassed power of the Editor. It was an experiment, but its success has been such as to justify the most sanguine hopes. From the public we have received and are daily receiving increased support—from independent publishers the most willing assistance, as the early notice of new books must sufficiently prove—from the Public Press all over the United Kingdom the most kind and generous encouragement: it is indeed to the very flattering testimonials of the latter that we consider ourselves mainly indebted for the increasing circulation of the Paper, and we beg leave to offer our best thanks. In return for public patronage, we can only promise renewed exertions, which with the accession of new means, will, we confidently trust, advance the high literary character the *ATHENÆUM* has already obtained. In moral character, we feel that the Paper cannot rise, and are determined that it shall not decline, the very existence of it being pledged to fearless impartiality between friend and foe, and an upright and downright integrity and identity of impression and expression.

## REVIEWS

*Letters and Journals of Lord Byron. With Notices of his Life.* By Thomas Moore. Vol. II. London, 1831. Murray.

(Second Notice.)

SINCE the publication of our last number, in which we were enabled to give our readers exclusively, a notice of this deeply interesting volume, we have read the work with our utmost care and attention; and we trust, we come to our critical task with minds fully qualified to form a just estimate of the merits and demerits of the book. It is not our intention, in the present article, to be very profuse of our own sentences;—because we are quite sure, that the rare and racy observations, reflections, and biting severities, of Lord Byron, will be the most coveted by all our readers. We will give the results of our attentive examination of the volume, as concisely as we are able—and we shall then select “full many a gem of purest ray,” (not “serene,”) to sparkle in our pages.

Mr. Moore has had a most difficult task to accomplish, in the editing of a private correspondence so daring, reckless and personal, as that which rushed from the pen of Lord Byron. The noble poet was a poet in all things, and mighty in all things. He was a Juvenal on the foibles of friends—a sort of savage Shakspeare on the common mishaps, deceptions, and occurrences of life.

Where he saw or conjectured a doer of wrong, he out-Swunged all men in the terrific potency of letter-writing. His words would burn a barn! To watch, to curtail, to omit, in a work like the present, was no idle or easy matter; and we only wonder how it is, that so much of the spirited and the beautiful has been retained, without greater personal injury and offence. Mr. Moore, with one or two exceptions, appears to have applied himself to his labour without prejudices, and with an earnest desire to show the real generous goodness which lived in the heart of Lord Byron. His Lordship was a self-accuser in every way—save in his actions; but often when his language is most bitter and reproachful, he is doing some act of essential kindness, or true magnanimity. The biographer has no great affection for Lady Byron, nor any particular respect for the memory of Lady Noel. And when on the work of omission, Mr. Moore might well have cut out one or two distinguishing epithets, which take all the mystery out of the stars put in the place of a name. The spiteful pleasantries, too, on the wedding-day, and on the illness and recovery of his Lordship's mother-in-law, should scarcely have been preserved to gratify the sour palate of posterity. The blanks are sometimes ludicrously easy of solution—and we have, in our copy, filled in the names of Romilly, Lady Morgan, Schlegel, Southey, &c., to save other readers the trouble of guessing and searching for half a minute into the recesses of the volume.

The perusal of the work has impressed us with a higher idea of Lord Byron's genius, than even his poetry gave us. Indeed, the rude germs of many of his finest thoughts are traceable to his letters. Several of his noblest and loveliest statues, which now “enchant the world,” may be seen in rough and unhewn masses in his epistles—nay, hewn in the rough, with all the form without the finish! The material—the marble is there—before it is carved into poetry. The extracts we shall give, will show the wit, the melancholy, the enthusiasm, the grandeur, the kindness of Lord Byron in many a bright variety. He can be gay, poignant, and poetical, almost in a breath; and his language is strong and impressive to the last degree. Few persons have possessed the power of praising so originally and well, or of censuring so concisely and forcibly. We know of nothing so delightful—and we speak from experience—as his good word uttered in his own good words; and we certainly would endure any severity, in preference to suffering the eternal gibbet of his satire—in prose or verse.

The letters, which principally form this second volume, are addressed to Mr. Moore and Mr. Murray. How is it that, in a work of the character which this assumes, there

appear none of the letters to Mr. Hobhouse, Mrs. Leigh, Lady Melbourne, and others who were intimate at heart with him, and to whom he wrote frequently and unreservedly? There should have been no interested or petty reserve, where the character and genius of Lord Byron were to be illustrated. Such letters do not belong to executors or legatees: they are the property of posterity; and posterity has a right to claim and keep it! There must have been some fine letters written to Mr. Shelley—where are they? The value of all that we attain is so great, that we cannot bear that children yet unborn should be destined to enjoy what is now in existence, and ought to be our own.

The present volume takes up his Lordship's life at the time when he had separated from Lady Byron, and was quitting this country. It shows him in his dissipation, in his solitude, and in his restlessness, at Venice. It details the particulars of his two attachments to two Venetians, and marks the growth of his poetry. It carries his Lordship to Greece and to his death, in glory. We shall endeavour now to cull the jewels of the book.

The following is the Juan-like picture of his first Venetian lady. What a tigress!

“The reasons of this [her ascendancy] were, firstly, her person;—very dark, tall, the Venetian face, very fine black eyes. She was two and twenty years old. She was besides a thorough Venetian in her dialect, in her thoughts, in her countenance, in everything, with all their naïveté and pantaloon humour. Besides, she could neither read nor write, and could not plague me with letters,—except twice that she paid sixpence to a public scribe, under the piazza, to make a letter for her, upon some occasion when I was ill and could not see her. In other respects, she was somewhat fierce and ‘prepotente,’ that is, overbearing, and used to walk in whenever it suited her, with no very great regard to time, place, nor persons; and if she found any women in her way, she knocked them down. \* \* \*

“Madame Benzoni also took her under her protection, and then her head turned. She was always in extremes, either crying or laughing, and so fierce when angered, that she was the terror of men, women, and children—for she had the strength of an Amazon, with the temper of Medea. She was a fine animal, but quite untamable. I was the only person that could at all keep her in any order, and when she saw me really angry (which they tell me is a savage sight), she subsided. But she had a thousand fooleries. In her fazzuolo, the dress of the lower orders, she looked beautiful! but, alas! she longed for a hat and feathers; and all I could say or do (and I said much) could not prevent this travesty. I put the first into the fire; but I got tired of burning them before she did of buying them, so that she made herself a figure—for they did not at all become her.

“Then she would have her gowns with a tail—like a lady, forsooth; nothing would serve her but ‘l'abito colla coda,’ or *cua*, (that is the Vene-

tian for 'la cola,' the tail or train), and as her cursed pronunciation of the word made me laugh, there was an end of all controversy, and she dragged this diabolical tail after her everywhere.

"In the meantime, she beat the women and stopped my letters. I found her one day pondering over one. She used to try to find out by their shape whether they were feminine or no; and she used to lament her ignorance, and actually studied her alphabet, on purpose (as she declared) to open all letters addressed to me and read their contents.

"I must not omit to do justice to her house-keeping qualities. After she came into my house as 'donna di governo,' the expenses were reduced to less than half, and everybody did their duty better—the apartments were kept in order, and everything and everybody else, except herself.

"That she had a sufficient regard for me in her wild way, I had many reasons to believe. I will mention one. In the autumn, one day, going to the Lido with my gondoliers, we were overtaken by a heavy squall, and the gondola put in peril—bats blown away, boat filling, oar lost, tumbling sea, thunder, rain in torrents, night coming, and wind unceasing. On our return, after a tight struggle, I found her on the open steps of the Mocenigo palace, on the Grand Canal, with her great black eyes flashing through her tears, and the long dark hair, which was streaming, drenched with rain, over her brows and breast. She was perfectly exposed to the storm; and the wind blowing her hair and dress about her thin tall figure, and the lightning flashing round her, and the waves rolling at her feet, made her look like Medea alighted from her chariot, or the Sibyl of the tempest that was rolling around her, the only living thing within hail at that moment except ourselves. On seeing me safe, she did not wait to greet me, as might have been expected, but calling out to me—'Ah! can' della Madonna, xe esto il tempo per andar al Lido?' (Ah! dog of the Virgin, is this a time to go to Lido?) ran into the house, and solaced herself with scolding the boatmen for not foreseeing the 'tempore.' I am told by the servants that she had only been prevented from coming in a boat to look after me, by the refusal of all the gondoliers of the canal to put out into the harbour in such a moment; and that then she sat down on the steps in all the thickest of the squall, and would neither be removed nor comforted. Her joy at seeing me again was moderately mixed with ferocity, and gave me the idea of a tigress over her recovered cubs." 184-7.

Poor Doctor Polidori cuts a miserable figure in these notices:—

"A few more anecdotes of this young man, while in the service of Lord Byron, may, as throwing light upon the character of the latter, be not inappropriately introduced. While the whole party were, one day, out boating, Polidori by some accident, in rowing, struck Lord Byron violently on the knee-pan with his oar; and the latter, without speaking, turned his face away to hide the pain. After a moment, he said, 'Be so kind, Polidori, another time, to take more care, for you hurt me very much.'—'I am glad of it,' answered the other, 'I am glad to see you can suffer pain.' In a calm, suppressed tone, Lord Byron replied, 'Let me advise you, Polidori, when you, another time, hurt any one, not to express your satisfaction. People don't like to be told that those who give them pain are glad of it; and they cannot always command their anger. It was with some difficulty that I refrained from throwing you into the water, and, but for Mrs. Shelley's presence, I should have done some such rash thing.' This was said without ill-temper, and the cloud soon passed away.

"Another time, when the lady just mentioned was, after a shower of rain, walking up the hill to Diodati, Lord Byron, who saw her from his balcony where he was standing with Polidori, said to the latter, 'Now, you who wish to be gallant ought to jump down this small height and offer your arm.' Polidori chose the easiest part of the declivity and leaped;—but, the ground being wet, his foot slipped and he sprained his ankle\*. Lord Byron instantly helped to carry him in and procure cold water for the foot; and, after he was laid on the sofa, perceiving that he was uneasy, went up stairs himself (an exertion which his lameness made painful and disagreeable) to fetch a pillow for him. 'Well, I did not believe you had so much feeling,' was Polidori's gracious remark, which, it may be supposed, not a little clouded the noble poet's brow.

"A dialogue which Lord Byron himself used to mention as having taken place between them during their journey on the Rhine, is amusingly characteristic of both the parties concerned. 'After all,' said the physician, 'what is there you can do that I cannot?'—'Why, since you force me to say,' answered the other, 'I think there are three things I can do which you cannot.' Polidori defied him to name them. 'I can,' said Lord Byron, 'swim across that river—I can snuff out that candle with a pistol-shot at the distance of twenty paces—and I have written a poem† of which 14,000 copies were sold in one day.'

The following are extracts of such beauty and spirit, that we will not intrude any remark of our own to interfere with their effect. We can only assure our readers, that we have been anxiously careful to gather the fairest flowers of the garden:—

"In the weather for this tour (of 13 days,) I have been very fortunate—fortunate in a companion (Mr. H.)—fortunate in our prospects, and exempt from even the little petty accidents and delays which often render journeys in a less wild country disappointing. I was disposed to be pleased. I am a lover of nature and an admirer of beauty. I can bear fatigue and welcome privation, and have seen some of the noblest views in the world. But in all this—the recollection of bitterness, and more especially of recent and home desolation, which must accompany me through life, have preyed upon me here; and neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity in the majesty, and the power, and the glory, around, above, and beneath me." \* \* \* p. 22.

"The peasant girls have all very fine dark eyes, and many are beautiful. There are also two dead bodies in fine preservation—one Saint Carlo Borromeo, at Milan; the other not a saint, but a chief, named Visconti, at Monza—both of which appeared very agreeable. In one of the Boromean isles (the Isola bella,) there is a large laurel—the largest known—on which Buona-parte, staying there just before the battle of Marengo, carved with his knife the word 'Bat-taglia.' I saw the letters, now half worn out and partly erased." \* \* \* p. 50.

"Six-and-twenty years ago Col. \* \* \* \*, then an ensign, being in Italy, fell in love with the Marchesa \* \* \* \*, and she with him. The lady must be, at least, twenty years his senior. The war broke out; he returned to England to serve—not his country, for that's Ireland—but England, which is a different thing; and she—heaven knows what she did. In the year 1814,

\* To the lameness of Polidori, one of the preceding letters of Lord Byron alludes.  
† The Corsair.

the first announcement of the Definitive Treaty of peace (and tyranny) was developed to the astonished Milanese by the arrival of Col. \* \* \* \*, who, flinging himself full length at the feet of Madame \* \* \* \*, murmured forth, in half-forgotten Irish Italian, eternal vows of indelible constancy. The lady screamed, and exclaimed 'Who are you?' The Colonel cried, 'What, don't you know me? I am so and so,' &c. &c.; till, at length, the Marchesa, mounting from reminiscence to reminiscence, through the lovers of the intermediate twenty-five years, arrived at last at the recollection of her *povero* sub-lieutenant. She then said, 'Was there ever such virtue?' (that was her very word) and, being now a widow, gave him apartments in her palace, reinstated him in all the rights of wrong, and held him up to the admiring world as a miracle of incontinent fidelity, and the unshaken Abdiel of absence." \* \* \* p. 56.

"There's an amiable *chanson* for you—all impromptu. I have written it principally to shock your neighbour \* \* \* \*, who is all clergy and loyalty—mirth and innocence—milk and water.

But the Carnival's coming,  
Oh Thomas Moore,  
The Carnival's coming,  
Oh Thomas Moore,  
Masking and humming,  
Piping and drumming,  
Guitarring and strumming,  
Oh Thomas Moore.

"The other night I saw a new play,—and the author. The subject was the sacrifice of Isaac. The play succeeded, and they called for the author—according to continental custom—and he presented himself, a noble Venetian, Mali, or Malipiero, by name. Mala was his name, and *peissima* his production,—at least, I thought so, and I ought to know, having read more or less of five hundred Drury-lane offerings, during my coadjutorship with the sub-and-super Committee." \* \* \* p. 58-9.

"The Helen of Canova (a bust which is in the house of Madame the Countess d'Albrizzi, whom I know) is, without exception, to my mind, the most perfectly beautiful of human conceptions, and far beyond my ideas of human execution.

In this beloved marble view,  
Above the works and thoughts of man,  
What Nature could, but would not do,  
And Beauty and Canova can!  
Beyond imagination's power,  
Beyond the bard's deflected art,  
With immortality her dower,  
Behold the Helen of the heart!

"Talking of the 'heart' reminds me that I have fallen in love—fathomless love; but lest you should make some splendid mistake, and envy me the possession of some of those princesses or countesses with whose affections your English voyagers are apt to invest themselves, I beg leave to tell you that my goddess is only the wife of a 'Merchant of Venice;' but then she is pretty as an antelope, is but two-and-twenty years old, has the large, black, oriental eyes, with the Italian countenance, and dark glossy hair, of the curl and colour of Lady J \* \* \*. Then she has the voice of a lute, and the song of a seraph (though not quite so sacred,) besides a long postscript of graces, virtues, and accomplishments, enough to furnish out a new chapter for Solomon's Song. But her great merit is finding out mine—there is nothing so amiable as discernment." \* \* \* p. 61.

"I rejoice to hear of your forthcoming in February—though I tremble for the 'magnificence' which you attribute to the new Child Harold. I am glad you like it; it is a fine indistinct piece of poetical desolation, and my favourite. I was half mad during the time of its composition, between metaphysics, mountains, lakes, love unextinguishable, thoughts unutterable, and the night-mare of my own delinquencies. I should, many a good day, have



blown my brains out, but for the recollection that it would have given pleasure to my mother-in-law; and, even then, if I could have been certain to haunt her—but I won't dwell upon these trifling family matters.

"Venice is in the *estre* of her carnival, and I have been up these last two nights at the ridotto and the opera, and all that kind of thing. Now for an adventure. A few days ago a gondolier brought me a billet without a subscription, intimating a wish on the part of the writer to meet me either in gondola, or at the island of San Lazaro, or at a third rendezvous, indicated in the note. 'I know the country's disposition well,'—in Venice 'they do let heaven see those tricks they dare not show,' &c. &c.; so, for all response, I said that neither of the three places suited me; but that I would either be at home at ten at night *alone*, or be at the ridotto at midnight, where the writer might meet me masked. At ten o'clock I was at home and alone (Marianna was gone with her husband to a *conversazione*), when the door of my apartment opened, and in walked a well-looking and (for an Italian) *bionda* girl of about nineteen, who informed me that she was married to the brother of my *amorousa*, and wished to have some conversation with me. I made a decent reply, and we had some talk in Italian and Romain (her mother being a Greek of Corfu), when, lo! in a very few minutes in marches, to my very great astonishment, Marianna S\*, in *propria persona*, and, after making a most polite curtsy to her sister-in-law and to me, without a single word seizes her said sister-in-law by the hair, and bestows upon her some sixteen slaps, which would have made your ear ache only to hear their echo. I need not describe the screaming which ensued. The luckless visitor took flight. I seized Marianna, who, after several vain efforts to get away in pursuit of the enemy, fairly went into fits in my arms; and, in spite of reasoning, eau de Cologne, vinegar, half a pint of water, and God knows what other waters beside, continued so till past midnight.

"After damning my servants for letting people in without apprizing me, I found that Marianna in the morning had seen her sister-in-law's gondolier on the stairs; and, suspecting that his apparition boded her no good, had either returned of her own accord, or been followed by her maids or some other spy of her people to the *conversazione*, from whence she returned to perpetrate this piece of pugilism. I had seen fits before, and also some small scenery of the same genus in and out of our island; but this was not all. After about an hour, in comes—who? why, Signor S\*, her lord and husband, and finds me with his wife fainting upon a sofa, and all the apparatus of confusion, dishevelled hair, hats, handkerchiefs, salts, smelling bottles—and the lady as pale as ashes, without sense or motion. His first question was, 'What is all this?' The lady could not reply—so I did. I told him the explanation was the easiest thing in the world; but, in the mean time, it would be as well to recover his wife—at least, her senses. This came about in due time of suspiration and respiration.

"You need not be alarmed—jealousy is not the order of the day in Venice, and daggers are out of fashion, while duels, on love matters, are unknown—at least, with the husbands. But, for all this, it was an awkward affair; and though he must have known that I made love to Marianna, yet I believe he was not, till that evening, aware of the extent to which it had gone. It is very well known that almost all the married women have a lover; but it is usual to keep up the forms, as in other nations. I did not, therefore, know what the devil to say. I could not out with the truth, out of regard to her, and I did not choose to lie for my sake;—besides, the thing told itself. I thought the best way would

be to let her explain it as she chose (a woman being never at a loss—the devil always sticks by them)—only determining to protect and carry her off, in case of any ferocity on the part of the Signor. I saw that he was quite calm. She went to bed, and next day—how they settled it, I know not, but settle it they did. Well—then I had to explain to Marianna about this never to be sufficiently confounded sister-in-law; which I did by swearing innocence, eternal constancy, &c. &c. \* \* \* But the sister-in-law, very much discomposed with being treated in such wise, has (not having her own shame before her eyes) told the affair to half Venice, and the servants (who were summoned by the fight and the fainting) to the other half." p. 72-73.

"If I live ten years longer, you will see, however, that it is not over with me—I don't mean in literature, for that is nothing; and it may seem odd enough to say, I do not think it my vocation. But you will see that I shall do something or other—the times and fortune permitting—that, 'like the cosmogony, or creation of the world, will puzzle the philosophers of all ages.' But I doubt whether my constitution will hold out. I have, at intervals, exercised it most devilishly." p. 80.

"So Love has a conscience. By Diana! I shall make him take back the box, though it were Pandora's. The discovery of its intrinsic silver occurred on sending it to have the lid adapted to admit Marianna's portrait. Of course I had the box remitted *in statu quo*, and had the picture set in another, which suits it (the picture) very well. The defaulting box is not touched, *harry*, and was not in the man's hands above an hour." p. 94.

"You offer 1500 guineas for the new Canto: I won't take it. I ask two thousand five hundred guineas for it, which you will either give or not, as you think proper. It concludes the poem, and consists of 144 stanzas. The notes are numerous, and chiefly written by Mr. Hobhouse, whose researches have been indefatigable, and who, I will venture to say, has more real knowledge of Rome and its environs than any Englishman who has been there since Gibbon. By the way, to prevent any mistakes, I think it necessary to state the fact that *he*, Mr. Hobhouse, has no interest whatever in the price or profit to be derived from the copyright of either poem or notes directly or indirectly; so that you are not to suppose that it is by, for, or through him, that I require more for this Canto than the preceding.—No: but if Mr. Eustace was to have had two thousand for a poem on Education; if Mr. Moore is to have three thousand for Lalla &c.; if Mr. Campbell is to have three thousand for his prose on poetry—I don't mean to disparage these gentlemen in their labours—but I ask the aforesaid price for mine. You will tell me that their productions are considerably longer: very true, and when they shorten them, I will lengthen mine, and ask less. You shall submit the MS. to Mr. Gifford, and any other two gentlemen to be named by you (Mr. Frere, or Mr. Croker, or whomever you please, except such fellows as your \*s and \*s), and if they pronounce this Canto to be inferior as a *whole* to the preceding, I will not appeal from their award, but burn the manuscript, and leave things as they are." \* \* \* p. 143-4.

"You are right, Gifford is right, Crabbe is right, Hobhouse is right—you are all right, and I am all wrong; but do, pray, let me have that pleasure. Cut me up root and branch; quarter me in the Quarterly; send round my 'disjecti membra poetæ,' like those of the Levite's concubine; make me, if you will, a spectacle to men and angels; but don't ask me to alter, for I won't:—I am obstinate and lazy—and there's the truth.

"But, nevertheless, I will answer your friend

P\*, who objects to the quick succession of fun and gravity, as if in that case the gravity did not (in intention, at least,) heighten the fun. His metaphor is, that 'we are never scorched and drenched at the same time.' Blessings on his experience! Ask him these questions about 'scorching and drenching.' Did he never play at cricket, or walk a mile in hot weather? Did he never spill a dish of tea over himself in handing the cup to his charmer, to the great shame of his nankeen breeches? Did he never swim in the sea at noonday with the sun in his eyes and on his head, which all the foam of ocean could not cool? Did he never draw his foot out of too hot water, d—ning his eyes and his valet's? \* \* \* Did he

never tumble into a river or lake, fishing, and sit in his wet clothes in the boat, or on the bank, afterwards, 'scorched and drenched,' like a true sportsman? 'Oh for breath to utter!'—but make him my compliments; he is a clever fellow for all that—a very clever fellow." p. 232.

"What is all this about Tom Moore? but why do I ask? since the state of my own affairs would not permit me to be of use to him, though they are greatly improved since 1816, and may, with some more luck and a little prudence, become quite clear. It seems his claimants are American merchants? *There goes Nemesis!* Moore abused America. It is always thus in the long run:—Time, the Avenger. You have seen every trampler down, in turn, from Buonaparte to the simplest individuals. You saw how some were avenged even upon my insignificance, and how in turn \* \* \* paid for his atrocity. It is an odd world; but the watch has its mainspring, after all." \* \* \* p. 232-4.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, May 20th, 1820.

"Murray, my dear, make my respects to Thomas Campbell, and tell him from me, with faith and friendship, three things that he must right in his poets: Firstly, he says Anstey's Bath Guide characters are taken from Smollett. 'Tis impossible:—the Guide was published in 1766, and Humphrey Clinker in 1771—*dunque*, 'tis Smollett who has taken from Anstey. Secondly, he does not know to whom Cowper alludes, when he says that there was one who 'built a church to God, and then blasphemed his name;' it was 'Deo erexit Voltaire' to whom that maniacal Calvinist and coddled poet alludes. Thirdly, he misquotes and spoils a passage from Shakspeare, 'to gild refined gold, to paint the pily,' &c.; for *lily* he puts *rose*, and bedevils in more words than one the whole quotation.

"Now, Tom is a fine fellow; but he should be correct: for the first is an *injustice* (to Anstey), the second an *ignorance*, and the third a *blunder*. Tell him all this, and let him take it in good part; for I might have rammed it into a review and rowed him—instead of which, I act like a Christian.

"Yours, &c."

\* \* \* p. 323.

"With regard to what you say of retouching the Juans and the Hints, it is all very well; but I can't *furberish*. I am like the tiger (in poetry), if I miss the first spring, I go growling back to my jungle. There is no second; I can't correct; I can't, and I won't. Nobody ever succeeds in it, great or small." \* \* \* p. 381.

"Read S\*. Of Dante he says that 'at no time has the greatest and most national of all Italian poets ever been much the favourite of his countrymen.' 'Tis false! There have been more editors and commentators (and imitators, ultimately) of Dante than of all their poets put together. *Not a favourite!* Why, they talk Dante—write Dante—and think and dream Dante at this moment (1821) to an excess, which would be ridiculous, but that he deserves it.

"In the same style this German talks of gondolas on the Arno—a precious fellow to dare to speak of Italy!"

"He says also that Dante's chief defect is a want, in a word, of gentle feelings. Of gentle feelings!—and Francesca of Rimini—and the father's feelings in Ugolino—and Beatrice—and 'La Pia!' Why, there is a gentleness in Dante beyond all gentleness, when he is tender. It is true that, treating of the Christian Hades, or Hell, there is not much scope or site for gentleness—but who but Dante could have introduced any 'gentleness' at all into *Hell*? Is there any in Milton's? No—and Dante's Heaven is all love, and glory, and majesty.

"I o'clock.

"I have found out, however, where the German is right—it is about the Vicar of Wakefield. 'Of all romances in miniature (and, perhaps, this is the best shape in which romance can appear), the Vicar of Wakefield is, I think, the most exquisite.' He thinks!—he might be sure. But it is very well for a S \* \*. I feel sleepy, and may as well get me to bed. To-morrow there will be fine weather.

"Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay."

p. 422.

"What I feel most growing upon me are laziness, and a disrelish more powerful than indifference. If I rouse, it is into fury. I presume that I shall end (if not earlier by accident, or some such termination) like Swift—'dying at top.' I confess I do not contemplate this with so much horror as he apparently did for some years before it happened. But Swift had hardly *begun* life at the very period (thirty-three) when I feel quite an *old* sort of feel.

"Oh! there is an organ playing in the street—a waltz, too! I must leave off to listen. They are playing a waltz, which I have heard ten thousand times at the balls in London, between 1812 and 1815. Music is a strange thing." p. 425.

"If they had said nothing of *Pope*, they might have remained 'alone with their glory' for aught I should have said or thought about them or their nonsense. But if they interfere with the little 'Nightingale' of Twickenham, they may find others who will bear it—I won't. Neither time, nor distance, nor grief, nor age, can ever diminish my veneration for him, who is the great moral poet of all times, of all climes, of all feelings, and of all stages of existence. The delight of my boyhood, the study of my manhood, perhaps (if allowed to me to attain it) he may be the consolation of my age. His poetry is the Book of Life. Without canting, and yet without neglecting religion, he has assembled all that a good and great man can gather together of moral wisdom clothed in consummate beauty. Sir William Temple observes, 'That of all the members of mankind that live within the compass of a thousand years, for one man that is born capable of making a *great* poet, there may be a *thousand* born capable of making as great generals and ministers of state as any in story.' Here is a statesman's opinion of poetry: it is honourable to him and to the art. Such a 'poet of a thousand years' was *Pope*. A thousand years will roll away before such another can be hoped for in our literature. But it can *wait* them—he himself is a literature." p. 476-7.

"I have had a curious letter to-day from a girl in England (I never saw her), who says she is given over of a decline, but could not go out of the world without thanking me for the delight which my poetry for several years, &c. &c. &c. It is signed simply N. N. A. and has not a word of 'cant' or preachment in it upon any opinions. She merely says that she is *dying*, and that as I had contributed so highly to her existing pleasure, she thought that she might say so, begging me to *burn* her letter—which, by

the way, I can *not* do, as I look upon such letter, in such circumstances, as better than a diploma from Göttingen. I once had a letter from Drontheim, in *Norway* (but not from a dying woman), in verse, on the same score of gratulation. These are the things which make one at times believe oneself a poet. But if I must believe that \* \* \* \*, and such fellows, are poets also, it is better to be out of the corps." p. 495-6.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Pisa, December 10th, 1821.

"This day and this hour (one, on the clock,) my daughter is six years old. I wonder when I shall see her again, if ever I shall see her at all.

"I have remarked a curious coincidence, which almost looks like a fatality.

"My mother, my wife, my daughter, my half-sister, my sister's mother, my natural daughter (as far at least as I am concerned), and myself, are only children.

"My father, by his marriage with Lady Conyers (an only child), had only my sister; and by second marriage with an only child, an only child again. Lord Byron, as you know, was one also, and so is my daughter, &c.

"Is this not rather odd—such a complication of only children? By the way, send me my daughter Ada's miniature. I have only the print, which gives little or no idea of her complexion.

"Yours, &c. B."

"Pisa, April 22, 1822.

"You will regret to hear that I have received intelligence of the death of my daughter Allegra of a fever, in the convent of Bagno Cavallo, where she was placed for the last year, to commence her education. It is a heavy blow for many reasons, but must be borne, with time." p. 591.

"The body is embarked, in what ship I know not, neither could I enter into the details; but the Countess G. G. has had the goodness to give the necessary orders to Mr. Dunn, who superintends the embarkation, and will write to you. I wish it to be buried in Harrow church.

"There is a spot in the churchyard, near the footpath, on the brow of the hill looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachie, or Peachey), where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy. This was my favourite spot; but as I wish to erect a tablet to her memory, the body had better be deposited in the church. Near the door, on the left hand as you enter, there is a monument with a tablet containing these words:—

"When Sorrow weeps o'er Virtue's sacred dust,  
Our tears become us, and our grief is just:  
Such were the tears she shed, who grateful pays  
This last sad tribute of her love and praise."

I recollect them (after seventeen years), not from any thing remarkable in them, but because from my seat in the gallery I had generally my eyes turned towards that monument. As near it as convenient I could wish Allegra to be buried, and on the wall a marble tablet placed, with these words:—

"In Memory of  
Allegra.

Daughter of G. G. Lord Byron,  
who died at Bagno Cavallo,  
in Italy, April 20th, 1822,  
aged five years and three months.

"I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me."

24 Samuel, xii, 23.

"The funeral I wish to be as private as is consistent with decency; and I could hope that Henry Drury will, perhaps, read the service over her. If he should decline it, it can be done by the usual minister for the time being. I do not know that I need add more just now." p. 595-6.

"I forgot to mention a little anecdote of a different kind. I went over the Constitution

(the Commodore's flag-ship), and saw, among other things worthy of remark, a little boy *born* on board of her by a sailor's wife. They had christened him 'Constitution Jones.' I, of course, approved the name; and the woman added, 'Ah, sir, if he turns out but half as good as his name!' p. 597.

"Your first note was queer enough; but your two other letters, with Moore's and Gifford's opinions, set all right again. I told you before that I can never *recast* any thing. I am like the tiger: if I miss the first spring, I go grumbling back to my jungle again; but if I *do* hit, it is crushing." p. 556.

We have extracted the two passages, in which the one grand tiger character is given by Lord Byron to his poetry, because we think it is by far the truest and boldest picture that was ever dashed off, but also because it shows how much his Lordship himself valued it, and how able he was on repetition to improve it. Three or four such poetical lines of criticism as these are worth a complete set of the Edinburgh Review!

There are some exquisite pieces of poetry scattered about the volume; the best of which we shall gather together in these our columns.

To Augusta.

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name  
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.  
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim  
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:  
Go where I will, to me thou art the same—  
A loved regret which I would not resign.  
There yet are two things in my destiny—  
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

The first were nothing—had I still the last,  
It were the haven of my happiness;  
But other claims and other ties thou hast,  
And mine is not the wish to make them less.  
A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past  
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;  
Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore—  
He had no rest at sea nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been  
In other elements, and on the rocks  
Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,  
I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,  
The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen  
My errors with defensive paradox:  
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,  
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward.  
My whole life was a contest, since the day  
That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd  
The gift—a fate, or will, that walk'd astray;  
And I at times have found the struggle hard,  
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:  
But now I fain would for a time survive,  
If but to see what next can well arrive.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day  
I have outlived, and yet I am not old;  
And when I look on this, the petty spray  
Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd  
Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:  
Something—I know not what—does still uphold  
A spirit of slight patience;—not in vain,  
Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir  
Within me,—or perhaps a cold despair,  
Brought on when ill's habitually recur,—  
Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,  
(For even to this may change of soul refer,  
And with light armour we may learn to bear.)  
Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not  
The chief companion of a calmer lot.

I feel almost at times as I have felt  
In happy childhood—trees, and flowers, and brooks,  
Which do remember me of where I dwelt  
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,  
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt  
My heart with recognition of their looks;  
And even at moments I could think I see  
Some living thing to love—but none like thee.

"Admiral Byron was remarkable for never making a voyage without a tempest. He was known to the sailors by the facetious name of 'Foul-weather Jack.'

"But though it were tempest lost,  
Still his bark could not be lost."

He returned safely from the wreck of the *Wager* (in Anson's Voyage), and subsequently circumnavigated the world, many years after, as commander of a similar expedition."

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create  
A fund for contemplation:—to admire  
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;  
But something worthier do such scenes inspire:  
Here to be lonely is not desolate,  
For much I view which I could most desire,  
And, above all, a lake I can behold  
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

Oh that thou wert but with me;—but I grow  
The fool of my own wishes, and forget  
The solitude which I have vaunted so  
Has lost its praise in this but one regret;  
There may be others which I less may show;  
I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet  
I feel an ebb in my philosophy,  
And the tide rising in my altered eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear lake,\*  
By the old hall which may be mine no more.  
Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake  
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore:  
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make  
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before;  
Though, like all things which I have loved, they are  
Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

The world is all before me; I but ask  
Of nature that with which she will comply—  
It is but in her summer's sun to bask,  
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,  
To see her gentle face without a mask,  
And never gaze on it with apathy.  
She was my early friend, and now shall be  
My sister—till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one;  
And that I would not;—for at length I see  
Such scenes as those wherein my life began.  
The earliest—even the only paths for me—  
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,  
I had been better than I now can be;  
The passion which have torn me would have slept;  
I had not suffer'd, and *thou* hadst not wept.

With false ambition what had I to do?  
Little with love, and least of all with fame;  
And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,  
And made me all which they can make—a name.  
Yet this was not the end I did pursue;  
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.  
But all is over—I am one the more  
To baffled millions which have gone before.

And for the future, this world's future may  
From me demand but little of my care:  
I have outlived myself by many a day;  
Having survived so many things that were;  
My years have been no lumber, but the prey  
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share  
Of life which might have fill'd a century,  
Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

And for the remnant which may be to come  
I am content; and for the past I feel  
Not thankless—for within the crowded sum  
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,  
And for the present, I would not numb  
My feelings farther.—Nor shall I conceal  
That with all this I still can look around  
And worship nature with a thought profound.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart  
I knew myself secure, as thou in mine;  
We were and are—I am, even as thou art—  
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;  
It is the same, together or apart,  
From life's commencement, to its slow decline  
We are entwined—let death come slow or fast,  
The tie which bound the first endures the last!

p. 33—41.

So, we'll go no more a roving  
So late into the night,  
Though the heart be still as loving,  
And the moon be still as bright.  
For the sword out-wears its sheath,  
And the soul wears out the breast,  
And the heart must pause to breathe,  
And Love itself have rest.  
Though the night was made for loving,  
And the day returns too soon,  
Yet we'll go no more a roving  
By the light of the moon.

p. 79.

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story,  
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;  
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty  
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is  
wrinkled?  
'Tis but as a dead-flower with May-dew besprinkled.  
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary!  
What care I for the wreaths that can *only* give glory?

Oh, Fame! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,  
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,  
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear One discover  
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

\* The lake of Newstead Abbey.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;  
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;  
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,  
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

p. 566—7.

#### To the Countess of B—.

You have ask'd for a verse:—the request  
In a rhyme 'twere strange to deny,  
But my Hippocrene was but my breast,  
And my feelings (its fountain) are dry.

Were I now as I was, I had sung  
What Lawrence has painted so well;  
But the strain would expire on my tongue,  
And the theme is too soft for my shell.

I am ashes where once I was fire,  
And the bird in my bosom is dead;  
What I loved I *now* merely admire,  
And my heart is as grey as my head.

My Life is not dated by years—  
There are *moments* which act as a plough,  
And there is not a furrow appears  
But is deep in my soul as my brow.

Let the young and brilliant aspire  
To sing what I gaze on in vain;  
For sorrow has torn from my lyre  
The string which was worthy the strain.

p. 635—36.

B.

There are some lighter lines to Moore and  
Murray, which will not bear transplanting  
without more of the natural earth of the  
prose around their roots than we can find  
room for in our pots. The above stanzas are  
all as touching as the truest of his verses.

The following letter to Lady Byron ought  
to have cancelled the deed of separation. It  
is full of noble tenderness, sublimed by  
haughty sadness.

#### TO LADY BYRON.

(TO THE CARE OF THE HON. MRS. LEIGH, LONDON.)  
Pisa, Nov. 17, 1821.

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of 'Ada's  
hair,' which is very soft and pretty, and nearly  
as dark already as mine was at twelve years old.  
If I may judge from what I recollect of some in  
Augusta's possession, taken at that age. But it  
don't curl,—perhaps from its being let grow.

"I also thank you for the inscription of the  
date and name, and I will tell you why:—I be-  
lieve that they are the only two or three words  
of your handwriting in my possession. For your  
letters I returned, and except the two words, or  
rather the one word, 'Household,' written twice  
in an old account-book, I have no other. I  
burnt your last note, for two reasons:—1stly,  
it was written in a style not very agreeable; and,  
2dly, I wished to take your word without docu-  
ments, which are the worldly resources of suspi-  
cious people.

"I suppose that this note will reach you some-  
where about Ada's birthday—the 10th of De-  
cember, I believe. She will then be six, so that  
in about twelve more I shall have some chance  
of meeting her!—perhaps sooner, if I am obliged  
to go to England by business or otherwise. Re-  
collect, however, one thing, either in distance or  
nearness:—every day which keeps us asunder  
should, after so long a period, rather soften our  
mutual feelings, which must always have one  
rallying-point as long as our child exists, which  
I presume we both hope will be long after either  
of her parents.

"The time which has elapsed since the separa-  
tion has been considerably more than the  
whole brief period of our union, and the not  
much longer one of our prior acquaintance. We  
both made a bitter mistake; but now it is over  
and irrevocably so. For, at thirty-three on my  
part, and a few years less on yours, though it is  
no very extended period of life, still it is one  
when the habits and thought are generally so  
formed as to admit of no modification; and as  
we could not agree when younger, we should  
with difficulty do so now.

"I say all this, because I own to you, that,  
notwithstanding everything, I considered our  
reunion as not impossible for more than a

year after the separation:—but then I gave up  
the hope entirely and for ever. But this very  
impossibility of reunion seems to me at least a  
reason why, on all the few points of discussion  
which can arise between us, we should preserve  
the courtesies of life, and as much of its kindness  
as people who are never to meet may preserve  
perhaps more easily than nearer connexions.  
For my own part, I am violent, but not malig-  
nant; for only fresh provocations can awaken  
my resentments. To you, who are colder and  
more concentrated, I would just hint, that you  
may sometimes mistake the depth of a cold  
anger for dignity, and a worse feeling for duty. I  
assure you that I bear you *now* (whatever I may  
have done) no resentment whatever. Remem-  
ber, that *if you have injured me* in aught, this  
forgiveness is something; and that *if I have in-  
jured you*, it is something more still, if it be true,  
as the moralists say, that the most offending are  
the least forgiving.

"Whether the offence has been solely on my  
side, or reciprocal, or on yours chiefly, I have  
ceased to reflect upon any but two things—viz.  
that you are the mother of my child, and that  
we shall never meet again. I think if you also  
consider the two corresponding points with re-  
ference to myself, it will be better for all three.

"Yours ever,

"NOEL BYRON."

The gift of the precious memoranda of  
Lord Byron's life, upon which it will be re-  
collected Moore, for some reason or other,  
turned Incendiary—is thus described. The  
legatee ought to indict the cruel testator!

"A short time before dinner he left the room,  
and in a minute or two returned, carrying in his  
hand a white leather bag. 'Look here,' he  
said, holding it up.—'this would be worth  
something to Murray, though *you*, I dare say,  
would not give sixpence for it.' 'What is it?'  
I asked.—'My Life and Adventures,' he an-  
swered. On hearing this, I raised my hand in  
a gesture of wonder. 'It is not a thing,' he  
continued, 'that can be published during my  
lifetime, but you may have it, if you like—there,  
do whatever you please with it.' In taking the  
bag, and thanking him most warmly, I added,  
'This will make a nice legacy for my little Tom,  
who shall astonish the latter days of the nine-  
teenth century with it.' He then added,  
'You may show it to any of our friends you  
think worthy of it:—and this is, nearly word  
for word, the whole of what passed between us  
on the subject,' p. 273.

There are a few snatches of poetical de-  
scription in Lord Byron's letters, which bring  
the scenes or the effects described at once  
before the eye and heart. Two letters close  
with such coloured sketches as the follow-  
ing:—

"Have you seen \* \* \* \* \* book of poesy? and,  
if you have seen it, are you not delighted with  
it? And have you—I really cannot go on.  
There is a pair of great black eyes looking over  
my shoulder, like the angel leaning over St.  
Matthew's, in the old frontispieces to the Evan-  
gelists,—so that I must turn and answer them  
instead of you." \* \* \* p. 85.

"Good night—or, rather, morning. It is four,  
and the dawn gleams over the Grand Canal, and  
unshadows the Rialto. I must to bed; up all  
night—but, as George Philipot says, 'it's life,  
though, damme, it's life!'

"Ever yours,

"B."

Mr. Moore has been scrupulously careful  
of some of the living—and has protected  
them by the scissors against Lord Byron's  
lance of a pen. But the biographer has  
allowed all the ill-nature and sarcasm against



Keats to be perpetuated,—without regard to the feelings of surviving relations and friends. The idle stuff of Keat's dying of the Quarterly Review is preserved carefully—although it is well known that consumption, and not criticism, destroyed him. A Review is a very nauseous, but not a very poisonous drug—it has more of *ipecacuanha* than *henbane* in it.

The passages in these letters, in which the modern poets are spoken of, are particularly interesting. To Rogers there is one very formal epistle—and it would seem that his Lordship's friendship for this poet had all the serene formality of a Pleasure of Memory. Rogers is called the Tithonus of Modern Poets. Campbell is corrected and coldly admired by Lord Byron. Southey is hated, reviled, and challenged. Wordsworth is sneered at—Coleridge is jeered at!—Moore is lauded to the Seventh Heaven. Scott is worthily beloved. Wilson and Hogg are flattered—being of the Blackwood party it would seem. Millman and Croly, and such "small deer," are treated after their kind.

We have devoted an unusual portion of our paper to this article—but we were extremely anxious to give to our readers the essence of the book—and this we have, as far as our limits will allow, endeavoured to do. Much remaineth for "a second fyfte," but we rather think we have given that sort of introduction which will induce the reader to form a friendship with the volume itself. How are places, men and things immortalized! Places and men too, that were already secured against the obliterating ravages of Time. Venice, where for ever dwell Shylock and Pierre, could have spared Lord Byron to some other sea-born city. And Chillon, wherein Bonivard breathed, and about which Rousseau wandered, all romance! needed no bi-formed immortality. Scott and Moore also can stand alone, and go alone, and require no poetical leading strings. Oh that we were of those lucky flies that have got anbered in these lustrous letters for the eyes of posterity!

The volume is massive. The printing and paper are the perfection of Davisonism and Murrayism, and the portrait of Lord Byron, at the age of nineteen, although a little theatrical, and so far like the original, is very striking and effective. On closing the volume, we are impressed with two things;—that the Countess Guiccioli was, and is a most sensible and devoted woman,—and that Mr. Murray ought to have been a more punctual and communicative letter-writer. Between the two—the passion and the publisher—his Lordship was love-mad and letter-mad.

*The Songs of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.* Edinburgh, 1831. Blackwood.

We thank thee, William Blackwood—these loose sheets of the songs of our bard of Ettrick, are dearer in our sight than if they had been the identical leaves scattered by a Cumean Sibyl in her best moments of inspiration. We said but the other week, that James Hogg, a poet of God's own making, was bred in no school, but educated by the muse in that great academy which nature keeps on Yarrow, and that his works bore, therefore, the impress of a free and original mind. The volume

which we are now about to introduce to our readers—were such an attestation necessary—would fully sustain our high notion of his powers: it contains, in all, some hundred and twenty songs, selected from a mass amounting to more than five hundred; and the poet, we conceive, considers them the *élite* of his lyrics. They are chiefly distinguished for images of pastoral beauty, domestic tenderness, and pure and genuine affection: nor are they without passages of great humour and elevation of thought. They have no affinity whatever to those polished and pretty verses which pass for songs in the polite world, but resemble the spontaneous lyrics of the pastoral muse of old Scotland—the breathings of a heart warm and pure, in strict keeping with the scenes wherein they are laid, by pleasant Tweedside and the Lake of St. Mary. Now, those who expect that the simple muse of the north keeps her wild flowers in such trim array as a city gardener keeps his forced bed of competition tulips or pinks, are much mistaken. She is guilty of no such weakness. She walks in gladness among her favourite hills and dales, and whatever her foot touches, or her dark eyes look upon, there flowers spring up, and there she leaves them growing—not choked, but sheltered by the sweet herbs, which the unwise of the world call weeds. As this muse was Mr. Hogg's instructress, his songs seem the echo of her own, and, like hers too, are distinguished by that kind of natural ease, unsolicited happiness, and simplicity of thought and expression, which scholars distinguish by the name of Doric.

These songs are accompanied by notes—some of which are humorous—some instructive—some explanatory, some satiric, and some superfluous; all more or less marked by the singularities of their original-minded author. He everywhere gives us pleasant glimpses of himself or of his friends, nor has he spared those whom he considers his enemies. Amongst the latter, it seems he numbers his brother lyricist, Moore, and accuses him of having caused the omission of many of his best songs in some public collection. He can imagine, he says, no other reason for this sort of hostility, than that the bard of Ireland disliked to see verses which ran counter to his own—but let the poet of Ettrick speak for himself. "The Minstrel Boy" was written as a *per contra* to Mr. Moore's song to the same air. But either he or his publishers, or both, set up their bristles, and caused it and a great many more to be cancelled—the most ridiculous of all things, in my opinion, I ever knew. It was manifestly because they saw mine were the best. Let them take that, as Gideon Laidlaw said when the man died who cheated him." Well said, Shepherd! In another note he renews the charge: "It is quite natural and reasonable that an author should claim the copyright of a sentiment; but it never struck me that it could be so exclusively his, as that another had not a right to contradict it. This, however, seems to be the case in the London law; for, true it is, that my songs were cancelled, and the public may now judge on what grounds, by comparing them with Mr. Moore's. I have neither forgot nor forgiven it: and I have a great mind to force him to cancel 'Lalla Rookh,' for stealing it wholly from the 'Queen's Wake.' He

had better have let my few trivial songs alone." We cannot calculate the amount of the wrongs which the Scottish Bard has suffered from the hostility of the Bard of Erin, because we are unacquainted with the transaction to which he alludes; we suppose, however, that it can be explained—we love them both too well to desire to see the cloud continue between them.

Those—and there may be some such—who accuse the Ettrick Shepherd of vanity, in comparing his own lyrics with the famed ones of Moore, should consider the different schools in which these favourites of the muses were educated. The one is all nature, and the other all refinement—the one desires but to express in the language of his native hills, the emotions which he feels, whether of jealousy or love, of social glee or domestic affection; and the other wishes to give language to the thoughts of high dames and lofty earls—exquisitely polished, and worthy of the lips of men and women nursed in velvet laps and fed with golden spoons. The bard of the north degenerates sometimes into rudeness, and him of the sister isle, into petty conceits, and points which men call epigrammatic. They are both excellent in their kinds—but these kinds are as dissimilar as a country girl with her kilted coats and her clustering locks, hastening along a bank of blossomed broom to a fair or a preaching, compared to a high-born lady rustling in satins, sparkling with gems and diffusing perfumes, moving gracefully over a Persian carpet, in the court of our good king. Whoever imagines that rustic life is all rudeness, and that the language of shepherds—not the imaginary shepherds of pastoral verse—is necessarily unimpassioned and inelegant, will find enough in the lyrics of James Hogg, to induce him to think better of humble-born bards—let us take one at random. "It is one of the songs of my youth," says the author, "written long ere I threw aside the shepherds plaid, and took farewell of my trusty colley, for the bard's perilous and thankless occupation. I was a poor shepherd lad half a century ago, and I never got farther to this day."

*The Moon was a-waning.*

The moon was a-waning,  
The tempest was over;  
Fair was the maiden,  
And fond was the lover;  
But the snow was so deep,  
That his heart it grew weary,  
And he sunk down to sleep,  
In the moorland so dreary.

Soft was the bed  
She had made for her lover;  
White were the sheets  
And embroidered the cover;  
But his sheets are more white,  
And his canopy grander,  
And sounder he sleeps  
Where the hill foxes wander.

Alas, pretty maiden,  
What sorrows attend you!  
I see you sit shivering,  
With lights at your window;  
But long may you wait  
Ere your arms shall enclose him,  
For still, still he lies,  
With a wreath on his bosom!

How painful the task  
The sad tidings to tell you!—  
An orphan you were  
Ere this misery befell you;  
And far in yon wild  
Where the dead-tapers hover,  
So cold, cold and wan  
Lies the corpse of your lover!



In all the wide compass of song, there is nothing more softly affecting, or more poetically sad, than these four verses. One of the songs, to which, it seems, Moore objected, is not without such merit as would ensure it a place in any collection, if poetry were the sole rule of admission: it is not; however, one of the poet's best, and we only quote it because we have alluded to it in the earlier part of our criticism:—

*The Minstrel Boy.*

The Minstrel Boy to the glen is gone,  
In its deepest dells you'll find him,  
Where echoes sing to his music's tone,  
And fairies listen behind him.  
He sings of nature all in her prime,  
Of sweets that around him hover,  
Of mountain heath and moorland thyme,  
And trifles that tell the lover.

How wildly sweet is the minstrel's lay,  
Through cliffs and wild woods ringing,  
For ah! there is love to beacon his way,  
And hope in the song he's singing!  
The bard may indite, and the minstrel sing,  
And maidens may chorus it rarely:  
But unless there be love in the heart within,  
The ditty will charm but sparingly.

We have said that the poet's strains are not without humour—the assertion can easily be made good. In a criticism in the Edinburgh Review, on Hogg's 'Jacobite Relics of Scotland,' the author was rather severe upon the editor; and after having satirized him for his notes and his verses, quoted, with much approbation, the song of 'Donald McGillivray' and the 'Wee German Lairdie.' Now, it happens that these effusions are both the works comparatively of yesterday;—the first being written by James Hogg, and the latter by an indifferent songster still living. We know nothing equal to Donald for humorous images, and for that dance of words in which they happen all to dance in their proper places. The reader will bear in mind that the song is in the iteration of what may be called the Jacobite style:—

*Donald McGillivray.*

Donald's gane up the hill hard and hungry,  
Donald's come down the hill wild an' angry;  
Donald will clear the gaul's nest cleverly;  
Here's to the king an' Donald McGillivray!  
Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald McGillivray,  
Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald McGillivray;  
Balance them fair, and balance them cleverly,  
Off wi' the counterfeits, Donald McGillivray!

Donald's come o'er the hill trailin' his tether, man,  
As he war wud, or stang'd wi' an' ether, man;  
When he gies back, there's some will look merrily;  
Here's to King James an' Donald McGillivray!  
Come like a weaver, Donald McGillivray,  
Come like a weaver, Donald McGillivray;  
Pack on your back an' elwand o' steelary;  
Gie them full measure, my Donald McGillivray!

Donald has foughten wi' reif and roguery,  
Donald has dinner'd wi' bannan an' boggary;  
Better it war for whigs and whiggery  
Meeting the devil than Donald McGillivray.  
Come like a tailor, Donald McGillivray,  
Come like a tailor, Donald McGillivray;  
Push about, in an' out, thimble them cleverly—  
Here's to King James an' Donald McGillivray!

Donald's the callant that bruiks nae tangleness,  
Whipping an' priggung an' a' newfangledness;  
They maun be gane, he wiona be baukit, man;  
He maun hae justice, or rarely he'll tak it, man.  
Come like a cobbler, Donald McGillivray,  
Come like a cobbler, Donald McGillivray;  
Bore them, an' yerk them, an' lingel them cleverly—  
Up wi' King James an' Donald McGillivray!

Donald was mumpit wi' mirds and mockery,  
Donald was blundit wi' blades o' property;  
Arles ran high, but makings war naething, man;  
Gudeness, how Donald is flyting an' fretting, man!  
Come like the devil, Donald McGillivray,  
Come like the devil, Donald McGillivray;  
Skelp them an' scadd them pruned sac unbritherly—  
Up wi' King James an' Donald McGillivray!

We shall return to this beautiful little volume again; but we cannot leave it now with-

out calling on every Scotchman who desires to have his own green hills, and all their kindly tenants, brought back to his fancy, to get it upon his table;—we also call upon all Englishmen who desire to succour genius, to do so in the way most grateful to the poet's feelings—namely, by buying his book: they will find enough of genius to vindicate double the price. James Hogg is distinguished as a poet in an age unusually prolific in eminent ones; and we are grieved to discover that fortune has not smiled upon him, and that he is not an exception to the proverb, which assigns poverty as a handmaid to the muse. To be sure, as we starved Burns, we may think ourselves justified in doing the same for his successor; and, indeed, if such experiments are to be made on men of genius, it may be as well to try them on him of Ettrick: he is sixty years old—has a wife and some four or five children, and must, of course, soon give in. We hope, however, that this volume,—which the press of Blackwood has spared no pains in rendering acceptable,—will do him a good turn, and that we shall soon hear of his growing prosperity.

*An Only Son; a Narrative.* By the Author of 'My Early Days.' 12mo. London, 1831. Westley & Davis.

Mr. Kennedy is better known as a poet than a novelist. His 'Fifful Fancies,' and his 'Arrow and the Rose,' have been received by the public, with the approbation which they justly merited;—an approbation the more enviable, that it has been really attained and extended, without resorting to any of the jet-black quackery, which, unhappily, in these evil days, at once distinguishes and disgraces our literature. But it has always appeared to us, that one of the most delightful of his works, has from various circumstances been infinitely less known and appreciated, than it deserves. It was published at Edinburgh some years ago, under the title of 'My Early Days,' and though it has already run through two large editions in this country, and even had the honour of being reprinted oftener, we believe, than once in America; yet, owing to the cheap and unattractive form in which it was issued from the press, it has hitherto been deprived of what we consider its indisputable birthright of applause, by its gayer and more pretending but immeasurably inferior, brethren of fiction. The tale to which we allude, is of boyish feeling and domestic life, and while it traces with a hand faithful to nature and experience, all the little unheeded incidents of childhood which contribute to fashion, for good or for evil, the character of maturity and age, it reads a lesson of filial piety and of religious and moral observance, that render it one of the best manuals we have ever seen for the guidance and instruction of youth.

The object of the story now before us, is in every respect similar; and its execution, to speak without prepossession, is equally felicitous and masterly. Mr. Kennedy selects his hero,—not from the peerage, as is customary with the ragged regiment of discarded footmen and abigails,—but out of the middle, the really intelligent and intelligible rank of English society; and he carries him from the cradle, to ripened years, amid scenes of joviality and warfare, through the numerous and extraordinary vicissitudes

of life, which are likely to beset the path of an individual endowed by nature with a sufficiently ardent and adventurous disposition. The narrative is everywhere diversified, and its value materially enhanced by several reflections, and counsels deduced from an observant experience of the intellectual peculiarities and caprices of mankind;—and an admirable example is presented to all orders and conditions of parents in reference to by far the most important matter of domestic concernment—the due appreciation of the predilections and distinctive mental developments of their offspring.

The following episode will afford a fair specimen of Mr. Kennedy's powers. It is one item of the horrors supposed to have attended the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo:—

"Passing through a narrow street with two Scottish sergeants, I heard the shriek of a female. Looking up, we saw at an open lattice, by the light of a lamp she bore, a girl about sixteen, her hair and dress disordered, the expression of her olive countenance marked by anguish and extreme terror. A savage in scarlet uniform dragged her backward, accompanying the act with the vilest execrations in English. We entered the court-yard, where the hand of rapine had spared us the necessity of forcing a passage. My companions were humane, conscientious men, with the resoluteness that in military life almost invariably accompanies these qualities. Armed for whatever might ensue, they kept steadily by me until we arrived at a sort of corridor, from the extremity of which issued the tones of the same feminine voice imploring mercy in the Spanish tongue. Springing forward, my foot slipped in a pool of blood. Before I could recover, the door of the apartment whither we were hurrying, opened, and two soldiers of my own company discharged their muskets at us, slightly wounding one of the gallant Scots. Intemperance had blinded the ruffians and frustrated their murderous intentions. We felled them to the ground, and penetrated into the chamber. There I had a hair-breadth escape from falling by the fury of another of the desperadoes. Parrying his bayonet, which he aimed at my breast, I could not prevent it taking a less dangerous course, and lacerating my left cheek, nearly from the lip to eye. The gash, though frightful, threatened no consequence more serious than an ugly scar. Surgical knowledge enabled me to perceive this, as well as to apply the remedies within reach.—It was a light matter compared to the accumulated wretchedness, visible around me.

"The room wherein we stood had been devoted to the festivities of a retired family, of moderate fortune. It contained the remnants of those decent elegancies that properly appertain to 'the stranger's' apartment in a dwelling of the middle class. Mutilated pictures, and fragments of expensive mirrors, strewed the floor, which was uncarpeted and formed of different kinds of wood, curiously tessellated. An ebony cabinet, doubtless a venerable heir-loom, had suffered as if from the stroke of a sledge. Its contents, consisting of household documents and touching domestic memorials, were scattered about at random. An antique side-board lay overturned; a torn mantilla drooped on a sofa ripped and stained with wine. The white drapery, on which fingers stepped in gore had left their traces, hung raggedly from the walls. Pinioning our prisoners, we barricaded the doors against intrusion, and proceeded to offer all the assistance and consolation in our power to the inmates of the desecrated mansion.

"On investigation, the sergeants found the dead body of a domestic, whose fusil and dagger showed that he had fought for the roof which

covered him. His beard had been burned in derision with gunpowder. One of his ears was cut off and thrust into his mouth. In a garret recess for the storage of fruit, two female servants were hidden, who could scarcely be persuaded that they had nothing to fear. Having flown thither at the approach of the ferocious intruders, they had suffered neither injury nor insult. They came to the room where I lingered over an object unconscious, alas! of my commiseration, and in accents half choked by sobs, called upon Donna Clara! I pointed to the alcove where the heart-broken lady had flung herself on the bleeding corpse of her grey-haired father. She, too, might have had a sheltering-place, could her filial piety have permitted her to remain there when her igh-spirited sire feebly strove to repel the violators of his hearth.

"Master of a few Spanish phrases, I used them in addressing some words of comfort to the ill-starred girl. They were to her as the song of the summer-bird carolled to despair. Her sole return was a faintly recurring plaint, that seemed to say, 'Let my soul depart in peace!'"

"I motioned to her attendants to separate her from the beloved source of her unutterable sorrow. They could not comply without the application of force bordering upon violence. Bidding them desist, I signified a desire that they should procure some animating restorative. The sergeants withdrew. One of the women held the lamp; the other gently elevated her mistress's head. Kneeling by the couch in the alcove, I poured a little of the liquor into a glass, applied it to her lips—then took it away, until I had concealed my uniform beneath the torn mantilla.

"Affliction, thou hast long been my yoke-fellow! Thou hast smitten to the core of my being with a frequent and a heavy hand: but I bless an all-wise, and all-merciful God, who tries that he may temper us, that I have not a second time been doomed to witness aught so crushing to the soul—so overwhelming in woe—as the situation of the young creature over whom I watched on the baleful midnight of our Victory!

"She had battled with a might exceeding her sex's strength, against nameless indignities, and she bore the marks of the conflict. Her maidenly attire was rent into shapelessness; her brow was bruised and swollen; her abundant hair, almost preternaturally black, streamed wildly over her bosom, revealing in its interstices fresh waving streaks of crimson, which confirmed the tale of ultra-barbarian outrage; her cheek had borrowed the same fatal hue from the neck of her slaughtered parent, to whom, in her insensibility, she clung with 'love strong as death.' Daughter of Spain!—well was it for thy sire that he was gone from a polluted world—well was it for him to whom thou would'st have flown in thy desolateness, that his place was filled by a stranger to his wounded dove—one who, though devoted as a brother, could better bear up under the bitter ministrations of that hour!

"Through the means adopted, she gave token of revival. Her hand had retained a small gold cross, and she raised it to her lips. The clouded lids were slowly expanded from her large dark eyes. A low, agonizing moan followed. I hastened to present the wine. In the act, the mantilla fell from the arm which conveyed the glass. Appallingly she shrieked—became convulsed—passed from fit to fit—expired.

"I called the sergeants.

"We are here," they answered.

"Spurn those monsters, bound as they are, into the court-yard—remain in the house until morning—I must hence."

"It will be dangerous, Sir, to venture into the streets to-night—consider your wound."

"It may be so—I wish it may—help me to clear the passage.—I do not feel a wound!"

"I plunged into the darkness. The black ensigns of the Almighty's wrath were unfurled over the earth, of which all lovely and holy things had taken an eternal farewell, and resigned it to the dominion of demons. There was to be no future resurrection of the morning.—Thus spoke my tempestuous emotions. But morning came at last, and its gray eye saw me, like a shipwrecked mariner, pacing mournfully near the gate of St. Jago." p. 223—30.

The volume before us, contains many passages equally good with the preceding extract, and in different manners of excellence; but our readers will have no difficulty in perceiving from the above, that the style in which Mr. Kennedy writes, is singularly vigorous and eloquent, and that his descriptions are vivid without being exaggerated or unnatural.

Although favoured with an early copy of this work, Moore's 'Byron' compelled us to defer the notice of it, and in the meantime, the *Gazette* has done its blundering. The book is commended of course, but the reviewer must needs show some critical discrimination, and therefore quotes one passage which it characterises as grandiloquently absurd;—and absurd enough it is, as it stands isolated in the pages of the *Gazette*; and absurd it no doubt appeared to the reviewer, who dipping, after the fashion of the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, for an extract, happened to light on it, and was not therefore aware that Mr. Kennedy was speaking in the language of the East; and very natural that he should be, seeing he was referring to the self-sacrifices of the Hindoos, and therefore used the very language of Brahminism—as, in referring to the future hopes that might be supposed to influence a Christian, he would have used the language of the Bible—or of a Mahomedan, the words of the Koran. This blind hazard—this dipping for an extract, passes for criticism.

*A Narrative of the Peninsular War.* By Major Leith Hay, F.R.S.E. 2 vols. Edinburgh, Lizars; London, Whittaker & Co.

This is hardly a narrative of the Peninsular War, although a very pleasant narrative of what was seen by an active and intelligent officer serving in that war. It is not a history; although, as Major Hay is correct and impartial in describing those events in which he was personally concerned, it may serve as the material for future historians; and after all that has been published on the subject, the history of the Peninsular War is yet to be written. Southey's is a delightful book, only there was quite enough of poetry, of romance, of deep passion, and ludicrous extravagance in the reality, without having the additional colouring of his enthusiasm. Napier's history is not so impartial as the honest writer believes and intended it should be; but it has the merit of having roused the Spaniards themselves to write memoirs and replies, wherein future historians, disregarding their opinions and prejudices, may find some valuable documents. The French have not been a jot more impartial. There is a well known work on the subject by a Prussian officer of the name of Schepeler, and we suspect it is principally indebted for its celebrity to being free from the romance and party spirit which disfigured most of the accounts

published in France and England. The Spaniards, strange as it must seem, have no history of that war. In 1815, some distinguished military men were officially appointed for that purpose; they collected, we have heard, an immense mass of documents, but only one volume had been published, when the revolution of 1820 stopped all further proceedings. We have heard, too, that the Count of Toreno, one of the most distinguished of the Spanish liberals, has actually written such a work, but, if true, it still remains in manuscript.

Major Leith Hay is reasonably impartial; he has a good word for the French, the Portuguese, and even the Spaniards. If any circumstances come under his observation whence general inferences might be drawn by the reader, he very honestly forewarns them that the conclusion is unjust; as in the hurrying away of the Portuguese from the flag of truce at Vittoria. If he has upon occasions just grounds to censure the Spanish troops, he bears ample and willing testimony to the enthusiasm, the devotion, and the patient and heroic suffering and endurance of the people; and we refer, in proof, to pages 40, 80, 132, of the first volume, and to p. 129 and p. 10 of the second volume. We shall extract the latter as interesting in itself, and sketched with a great deal of power—

"Lord Wellington entered Salamanca about ten o'clock in the forenoon: the avenues to it were filled with people clamorous in their expressions of joy; nothing could be more animating than the scene. The day was brilliant, presenting all the glowing luxuriance of a southern climate. Upwards of fifty staff officers accompanied the British general; they were immediately followed by the 14th dragoons and a brigade of artillery; the streets were crowded to excess; signals of enthusiasm and friendship waved from the balconies; the entrance to the Plaza was similar to a triumph; every window and balcony was filled with persons welcoming the distinguished officer to whom they looked up for liberation and permanent relief. Lord Wellington dismounted, and was immediately surrounded by the municipality, and the higher orders of the inhabitants, all eager to pay him respect and homage. At the same moment, the 6th division of British infantry entered the south-west angle of the square. It is impossible to describe the electric effect produced under these circumstances by the music; as the bands of the regiments burst in full tones on the ear of the people, a shout of enthusiastic feeling escaped from the crowd, all ranks seeming perfectly inebriated with exultation." ii. 9-10.

We have been the more particular in noticing this, because, we think, that, hitherto, our military men have not done justice to the Spaniards for their gallantry and devotedness in the war of independence. It is worse than folly to be constantly harping on the undisciplined rabble of the Spanish troops, and the ignorance of the commanders: had they been disciplined troops—had their commanders been men of experience—had the government been one of energy and resources, where would have been the glory of their resistance, or the necessity for the support of England?—but, weakened by years of misgovernment—deserted by the government—the strong fortresses in the hands of the enemy—without money or disciplined troops—the glory or the folly was, that, thus situated, they rose and defied the conquerors of Europe; and with the aid, the efficient and generous aid of England, they triumphed. To this high and devoted

enthusiasm Major Hay bears a willing testimony; all that he saw he faithfully reports; but it is one proof of the prejudice that has so much influenced others, that, of all he records on report, very little is to be relied on. We will not stop to distinguish between his own and received errors in the following, but take the single page, 128, (vol. i.) as an example. Speaking of the Duke of Parque, he says, "that he crowned his errors by fighting a general action at Alba." Now, the fact is, there was no such general action; the Spanish army was in full retreat, and had, excepting the rear guard, crossed the river Tormes, when two divisions of cavalry under Kellerman appeared. This rear guard, composed of infantry alone, formed in square, and repulsed seven charges of these veterans, and eventually crossed the river in defiance of them. Again, in the very same paragraph he mentions the battle of Tamames as "the solitary instance during the war of a Spanish force, unassisted, defeating an enemy of not very disproportionate strength." Now, we ask Major Hay, if the English were at Bailen? and the 17,000 prisoners taken there prove that the French army was not very disproportionate to the 24,000 Spaniards, almost all raw recruits—*et voilà précisément comme on écrit l'histoire*—this page 128 is a page of history!

Major Hay must not mistake us, or believe that we mean to undervalue his work; it is not our fashion to be "all praise and lauding": if we were to report twenty such pages, it would only prove that we had thought the work worth being critical upon—and a word of civility afterwards, would do him more real service than the customary six lines of commendation kept set up in type to be prefixed to the customary six columns of extract, after established usage. We have said before, that his narrative is written in a very impartial and honest spirit, and, we may now add, in a very pleasant one. The whole account of Sir John Moore's retreat is full of interest, and the subsequent one of his own capture, imprisonment, and retreat with the French army, is better than half the modern novels.

We had intended here to have extracted the account of the Guerillas as a specimen of the work, but the 'Byron' leaves us so little room, that we must defer it: although having been favoured with an early copy, we could not delay some notice of the work in acknowledgment. We have, too, some further corrections to suggest, and they will come well together in the next or a future number.

#### THE FAMILY LIBRARY. VOL. XVIII.

*Voyages and Adventures of the Companions of Columbus.* London, 1831. Murray.

Washington Irving has collected the scattered intelligence of many curious books and rare manuscripts into this volume, and has set forth the chequered fortunes of the intrepid followers of the great Columbus with equal elegance, spirit, and simplicity. The difficulties are not small which lie in the way of a biographer, and it requires a singular mixture of patience and genius to seek out information and use it wisely—to skim the cream from the milk of earlier minds—to add the new to the old, and work up the whole into one clear and consistent narrative. To drop naturally from one subject to another, in the same manner as fold

follows fold in the well-ordered drapery of a fine statue, seems easy till it is tried: this rare art is sufficiently visible in the book before us—we were scarcely prepared for one with an air so original. There is no bustle in the narrative: no wish to give strong light and shade: yet all that is necessary is done; which shows the truth of what an accomplished biographer said—"A warm heart, a clear head, and a good conscience, are all the art necessary for writing a life." The heroes of this work are Alonso de Ojeda, Diego de Nicuesa, Vasco Nunez de Balboa, who discovered the Pacific Ocean; Juan Ponce de Leon, who found out Florida, with other inferior chiefs. There is a strange mixture of avarice and generosity—reckless courage and temperate valour—devotion and bloodshed—wild schemes and wise enterprises, strange chivalry and stranger Christianity, in this picture of those maritime heroes. At the close of the volume we were oppressed with melancholy feeling: the careers of all end sadly and disastrously—in the great cause of discovery they suffered imprisonment, persecution, exile and death. The history of genius is the saddest of all histories. We shall enter more fully into the subject next week.

*The Quarterly Journal of Education.* No. I. London, 1831. Knight.

We have been favoured with an early copy of this work, and have read it with great satisfaction. It cannot fail to do good service.

Of all the accidents of life, the most purely so is the education that boys generally receive; there is no system established throughout England: at one school experiment is pushed to the extreme of timidity! at another, quiet plodding dullness is even retrograding—at which of these the sons of half our citizens shall be educated depends upon accident. The publication of a work like this must introduce something of uniformity: it will lash up the dull, and tame down the daring; it will inform parents as well as teachers; it will enable the one to improve, and the other to judge of the improvements; it will bring systems into direct opposition, and determine between them. In the present number are notices of Oxford—of elementary instruction in Scotland, the United States, Silesia, and Bavaria, a highly interesting paper—of education at the Gregorian College at Rome—of the Medical and the Polytechnic School at Paris—the Dissenting Academies—of the German High Schools—the Edinburgh Sessional School—with elaborate reviews of many elementary works. We have one word of objection: there is too much of caution evident throughout the work—the writers are too fearful of giving offence; half the schools in England ought to be written down, and half the school-books sent to the trunk-makers, within six months, if this work be as efficient and serviceable as it ought. Of all hateful and pernicious quackery, that which affects education, is the most so.

*The Results of Machinery, namely, Cheap Production and Increased Employment, exhibit-3, No. I.* London, C. Knight.

This is a valuable little work, well timed. Every gentleman in the country ought to distribute his hundred—twenty shillings will give him 120. The civil power must and will put an end to machine-breaking, but it cannot eradicate the wish to destroy it—and while that exists, machinery is only tolerated, and will be upon other occasions destroyed. This little work will do more good than special commissions, and all their melancholy consequences, if it can

but be sufficiently distributed: it goes to the root of the evil—it cuts up the error. Machinery must go on: the spade and the hoe are machines; and if machinery be objectionable, we ought to scarify the earth with our nails. But machinery tends to increase employment: for instance, for one writer of manuscripts in old times, there are a hundred or perhaps a thousand printers at the press; it is the same in other trades—cheap produce is beneficial to all. We earnestly impress on our readers the good that must result from the distribution of this little tract, and return thanks to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, by whose direction it has been published.

*The Royal Lady's Magazine.* Dedicated, by permission, to the Queen. No. I. London, W. Sams.

A new magazine is at least entitled to an announcement—we are therefore particular in noticing this publication, although we are hardly prepared to offer a judgment on it. We have only a few sheets before us;—and as it is evidently not intended to be a mere fashionable impertinence—as it has some life and promise in it—we desire to see the whole, that we may do it full justice, and shall wait, before we offer an opinion, until next week, or the publication of the next number.

*Waverley Novels, Vol. XX.—The Abbot.*

The introduction is pleasant, but there is nothing to extract. The notes are rather historical and illustrative, than interesting.

*The Orestes of Euripides.* Edited by the Rev. J. R. Major, M.A. M.R.S.L. London, 1830. Baldwin & Co.

MR. MAJOR, master of the foundation school at Wisbeach, well known as a distinguished Greek scholar, and sub-editor of the last valuable edition of Stephens' Thesaurus, appends a translation of Porson's notes, to this edition of the "Orestes." There are besides some valuable critical remarks, illustrations of idioms, examination questions; and the indexes are full, and therefore likely to be serviceable.

#### PAMPHLETEER

*The State of the Nation at the close of 1830.* By T. Potter Macqueen, Esq.

Mr. Macqueen prefaces his pamphlet by an attack on the late government for its inattention to the growing distresses of the great body of the community. Every proposal in parliament last year for the appointment of a committee to examine into the causes that weighed down the labouring classes, was, he observes, rejected—and the distress represented as partial and evanescent.

What, asks Mr. Macqueen, did the late ministry attempt in order to alleviate that partial distress? They passed the beer bill—a measure which he forthwith condemns as having been productive of unalloyed evil. The removal of the malt tax, he opines, would have been attended with very different consequences.

Discontent, Mr. Macqueen observes, is now almost universal. The labourer ascribes his hard fate to the use of machinery; the more opulent classes impute their grievances to the amount of taxation. Both, according to our author, err very widely in their estimates. His own opinions are to the following effect:

Machinery lessens the cost of production; but as machinery supersedes the labour of human beings, and as every scale of taxation is adapted to the population of a country, machinery should be taxed in proportion to the amount of human labour which it represents.

The landlords have been of late loudly called on to reduce their rents. Mr. Macqueen denies



that the country would be, except in the minutest degree, benefited by their compliance with the requisition. The farmer would, no doubt, be richer—but he would not, on that account, pay higher wages to the labourer, because the present low rate of wages is a consequence of the redundancy of labour. The labourer, besides, according to Mr. Macqueen, is affected in a very slight degree by the rents at present levied; and he forthwith enters into sundry calculations to prove, that on the peck loaf of 1s. 4d. the labourer contributes only about three farthings to the landlord—or, altogether, taking the average number of peck loaves consumed by an able-bodied man, about four shillings in the year.

Supposing, however, that the landlords consented to sacrifice half of their present rentals, what, asks our author, would be the benefit to the country? Would *absenteeism* become less rare? Would the poverty of the landed interest stimulate commerce in any way? Would it lighten the pressure of the national debt? To revert to the rents of forty years ago—in other words, to cause the nation to *retrograde*—Mr. Macqueen holds to be an odd cure for distress. But if the rents must be lessened, let, he suggests, the national debt be lessened in the same proportion.

Mr. Macqueen is moreover opposed to the cultivation of waste lands by the poor. The real causes of their distress, he holds to be, the maladministration of the poor laws, and the currency bill of 1819. He would rectify these disorders by suppressing the monopoly of the Bank of England, and by enabling the superabundant labourers to emigrate, on the plan of Wilnot Horton.

It may, moreover, be interesting to know, that Mr. Macqueen is not indisposed to recommend the revival of the old laws against forestalling and regrating.

Such is the substance of this pamphlet—and it has rarely been our fate to meet with so much absurdity in such narrow compass. We shall briefly advert to his statements about the influence of the present scale of rents upon the prosperity of the community. In the first place, Mr. Macqueen shows his ignorance of the elementary principles involved in the discussion, when he talks of the labourer paying to the landlord three farthings upon every peck loaf which he consumes. When things are allowed to find their level, the consumer pays nothing to the landlord:—rent does not enter into fair price:—corn is not high because rent is paid, but rent is paid because corn is high. The landlords, therefore, never were, nor ever will be called on to abate one farthing of their natural rentals; but they are now required, by the voice of the rest of the community, to forego that monopoly, in virtue of which they derive a high rent from lands which would otherwise be waste—a monopoly which forces us to pay sixty shillings for wheat which might be bought for thirty-six or thirty-eight shillings. The present state of the rentals throughout England is, in truth, a question to the consumer, not of three farthings upon the peck loaf—but a question of one peck loaf, or two. The amount of unjust gain to the landlord does not, moreover, measure the extent of loss to the public; because we pay sixty shillings not only for the wheat which we ourselves consume—but we lose the difference between thirty-six and sixty shillings on all the grain with which we feed our horses, or use as seed, &c.

It is amusing enough to mark Mr. Macqueen's attempt to make the national creditor equally responsible with the landed interest for the present distress. Yet who contracted the debt? The landed interest. Did the fundholder force us to borrow his money, as the landholder forces us to eat his corn? or does the fundholder prevent us from borrowing money more cheaply

elsewhere in order to pay off our present debt? Did not the fundholder run the risk attendant on the depreciation of the currency? and shall we deny him the benefit of a recurrence to a more honest system?

We have, however, no further space to bestow upon the consideration of Mr. Macqueen's profundities.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

### MISS INVERARITY.

THIS lady, whose name is really "as long as ever we can remember," appears to have already begun to make sad havoc with the hearts of the young gentlemen of the United Kingdom. When a songstress, with all the charms of youth and beauty superadded upon the magic of her music, comes suddenly into public, the effect upon certain romantic Pittites and Boxites, of a certain age, is quite awful. There is no end to the extempore affection. The moment admirers lapse, in the excess of their enthusiasm, into poetry, the perfect success of the fair object of it may be relied upon. We have received two copies of verses from two of the very early bewildered worshippers of Miss Inverarity; and we should half suspect that the pair of lovers, Irish and English, had compared rhymes and affections—if we could conceive that two so attached could so harmonize in the end. We are quite sure the lady will not suffer all this adoration and versification to interfere with her own delightful and necessary studies;—and we certainly do think that these little exercises on a name—not in itself particularly easy, and which will hereafter have so often to be uttered—will be extremely useful to our theatrical readers.

### STANZAS TO MISS INVERARITY.

'There be none of Music's daughters, with a magic like thee;  
And, like music o'er the waters, is thy sweet voice to me!'  
*Byron.*

Come, out of charity! Miss Inverarity!

Be unto me a new spirit of song!  
'Tween thee and Miss Pearson there's really no parity;  
Russell and Bruce are a cymbal and gong  
To Miss Inverarity!

Rivals!—Oh thou hast none, Miss Inverarity!  
Paton's unpurified—Povey is fled—  
Stephens is bygone, and Byfield's no rarity—  
Wilson is married, and Cubitt is dead—  
Miss Inverarity!

There's Vestris—there's Waylett, too—Miss Inverarity!  
Each, like Brunel, for her own arch way begs;  
But dearer is thy modest merit! In charity,  
Thou'rt more profuse of thy voice than thy legs,  
Miss Inverarity!

Come with thy rich locks, Miss Inverarity!  
Come with thy rich locks, singing to me!  
Scare all the flaxen, the fair, and the carrot—  
Tresses like thine marry music to thee,  
Miss Inverarity!

Come, all in melody, Miss Inverarity!  
Pour out those liquid tones, melting with truth,  
Witching to me, as to Byron his Harrow tree!  
Come in thy wedding of song and of youth,  
Miss Inverarity!

Sing through thy soft smiles, Miss Inverarity!  
As through the moonlight the nightingale breathes  
Airs of sweet sadness and hurried hilarity:  
I'll crown thy white brow with honouring wreaths,  
Miss Inverarity!

Sad am I—mad am I—Miss Inverarity!  
Madness and sadness are mingled in me!  
But thou, gentle spirit!—so silver-toned Barry-ty,  
Singing, wilt bring back contentment with thee,  
Miss Inverarity!

*Inverary, T.  
Dec.*

## LINES TO MISS INVERARITY, OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE. *By a Gentleman of the Tipperary Fencibles.*

"Love is truth!"  
*Mrs. Opie's Illustrations of Lying.*

And it's Oh! for a wreath for my Inverarity!  
Formed of all leaves from the fairest Fairy tree!  
And it's worlds would I give, if the Syren had charity,  
To give to myself only Miss Inverarity!

Och, Dennis! I'm crazed with my Inverarity!  
For she, by St. Patrick! without disparity,  
Has a voice that makes others sound quite Poll-parrotty,  
Why the devil is she only Miss Inverarity!

I'm an half-pay officer—dear Inverarity!  
If I write an offer, say, will you tear it, eh?  
My honour's keen, though my hair is carrotty—  
Och! I'm mad fond of music, Miss Inverarity!

You shall sing for both, my dear Inverarity!  
You'll muster song and I hilarity;  
I shall pine at dinner, and, faith! despair at tea,  
If you don't have me, Miss Inverarity!

No repeal of the Union for me, Inverarity!  
A contented Irishman will be a rarity:  
'Tis right for a boy—a true Tipperary—  
To take away the Miss from Miss Inverarity!

I.O.U.

## THE LIVING ARTISTS.

NO. IV.

DAVID WILKIE.

If originality consists in conceptions alike vivid and lofty—in shapes worthy of the gods, and looks meriting Paradise, and in the power to embody and render permanent those magnificent visions which fancy sees whenever she chooses, then Wilkie must be content with a lower station than what some of the great painters have attained; but if, by a soberer definition, originality means a deep knowledge of living life—a keen insight into the ways and motives of man—a wit which can bring strange things familiarly together, and a skill at stamping upon them distinct and vivid resemblances, then he is second to no artist that ever breathed. On this the question arises, whether pure fancy, or pure nature, should sit for their portraits—our answer is, both. In the union of the two, the true end of art is accomplished. The man who deals only in ideal things, will never obtain the full sympathy of the world; while he who paints visible and everyday scenes, is little better than a drudge who takes plaster casts from men's limbs, with the hope of uniting the disjointed members into a fine figure: but he who blends fancy with truth, and treats nature with the spirit of a poet, will be felt by all classes, and survive, whilst others perish.

The genius of Wilkie is an honour to his country in a two-fold sense: he was disciplined in no school, and trained in no academy; and his subjects are chiefly found in his native land. In the county where he was educated, art had not deigned to set her foot, there were no paintings to awaken the slumbering fire—no lecturers to point out the path to fame. Yet, he was not without instruction, or without models; for nature keeps an eternal academy, and her sons and daughters present models for the inspired to study. Indeed, for such a genius as Wilkie, the county of Fife far surpassed London: in the former, original spirits abounded—men were common there, who had grown up like the trees of their native vales, their heads erect to heaven, and their boughs unpruned, who



wore their peculiarities daily upon them, and presented to an observant mind, the varied materials for compositions which aim at singular character and life; but, in the latter, men are rubbed smooth by continual intercourse—all that was originally rough was polished—like the Russian's whiskers, they

Were trimm'd and pruned and starch'd and lander'd, till, like a coin long in active circulation, the rough mint-stamp of nature was effaced, and no one could tell whose image it resembled. From those rough country materials, Wilkie selected his characters—all his paintings, old as well as new, smack of his early observation—the faces which he loved to draw when a boy at school, rise up to his fancy now; and it is well that it is so, for by this, he avoids all tameness and servility, and continues ever fresh and new.

He is to Scotland in painting, what Burns and Ramsay are in poetry—he has all their humour, their wit, their happy talent in grouping, and can stamp his canvas readily with the facetious or the sad, the moral or the satiric. Indeed, his exquisite pictures of the 'Village Politicians,' the 'Reading of the Will,' 'The Blind Fiddler,' 'The Rent-day,' and 'The Penny Wedding,' are in the very best spirit of these eminent poets; and he who reads the second and third cantos of the 'Christ Kirk on the Green,' or Burns's 'Twa Dogs,' must be sensible, that the poets and the painter are "in imagination all compact." Like these distinguished Scotsmen—and more particularly Burns—he elevates the commonest scene by his ready fancy, and stamps it off for the admiration of the world, by the magic of his art. In painting the scenes of many-coloured life, he seeks not the way to our hearts by vulgar aggravation, or laughable caricature—he despises such buffoonery, and accomplishes his wishes by a soberer and better way. He is wholly free from affectation; nothing seems overstrained; all is easy, unembarrassed, nay graceful. He is not the apostle of one order of feelings; he is the painter of human nature; he knows that the world is neither ever-grave nor ever-laughing—that mirth and tears are near relations—that, in the holiest scenes, there are little levities, and in the merriest meetings, the materials for sadness. He has accordingly given to all his pictures, the varied aspect of social nature; and this accounts for his great popularity abroad, as well as at home—he cannot owe all his fame to the beauty of his grouping, and the delicacy of his finish.

Like Burns, too, Wilkie has gained the affections of England, as much as he has won the admiration of Scotland, thus proving what has been proved a thousand times, that genius is of no age or country. The English perceive the same nature, and acknowledge the presence of the same humour and exquisite morality—for the great elements of character are to be found in the valleys of the south, as well as on the hills of the north. That he has won his way to every heart, may be proved by any person who chooses to go to an exhibition, or look at the window of a print-shop. The educated or the illiterate are all struck by the works of Wilkie. When his 'Blindman's Buff,' first found its way to the print-shops, we happened to see some half-dozen girls and boys standing gaping

and gazing at Colnaghi's window—all at once they burst into a loud fit of laughter—another group succeeded, who laughed also, a third came and increased the chorus. We looked too at the 'Blindman's Buff,' and felt a strong desire to join in the merriment. There is sorcery alike in his mirth and in his sadness. His 'Reading the Waterloo Gazette,' when it comes from the masterly graver of Burnet, will draw many an admiring group. We like him, because he is at once natural and national—not but that he sometimes seeks in a far land for subjects, which, like Sancho Panza's beating, he might find dryshod at home: still, however, the original school in which he studied prevails—Scotland and England share him between them, and though Italy and Spain have had him worshipping there for a season, he has now, we believe, returned to his duty and allegiance, and is busied with his magnificent picture of John Knox subduing the Scarlet Lady.

We must not, however, be supposed to disapprove of his pictures from the scenes of either Italy or Spain; on the contrary, we admire them much—are sensible of the truth and beauty of the conceptions, and the vigour of the handling; and had we not seen his earlier pictures, we should have cried, "Well done—paint on." Genius may be of no age or country, but critics, we are afraid, are of both—it is our intense nationality which makes us prefer the 'Village Politicians,' to the 'Spanish Chiefs met in Council,' the 'Reading the Waterloo Gazette,' to the 'Defence of Saragossa,' and 'Roger playing on

A dainty whistle with a pleasant sound, to Peggy and Jenny by the kaleyard dyke in the twilight,' to 'The Princess of Palatrina (or some such place,) washing the Pilgrim's feet.' Nay, we have seen nothing, for many years, which surpassed his 'Guerilla Chief brought wounded home,' or equalled his sketch of the great 'Columbus laying' his chart of an unvoyaged ocean before the Spanish Council.' Still, to us, these are alien scenes. Were we wealthy, we would like to engage Wilkie on a subject which has long been present to our fancy—a congregation of wild Cameronians preaching in a wild glen, surprised by Claverhouse and his dragoons. There he would have varied character and colour enough. But it is idle to dictate to a wayward fancy—like the hero of the pastoral, which the painter loves to read—his genius is—

A very dail that aye maun have his will; so farewell to all hopes of ever seeing this vision of our fancy established on canvas.

In the works of Wilkie there is nothing mean, nothing gross—he deals often with common life, yet he is free from all taint of vulgarity. He has no desire to consecrate the sensualities of ordinary life—he has no pot-house scenes of brutal intoxication, though the world has them in abundance. He skims the cream—he plucks the flowers, and leaves the dregs and weeds to inferior spirits. He is patient in forming his designs, and careful and laborious in executing them. To amass materials, is with him the work of time, nothing seems to burst out upon him—all is gradual and slow, and sure of growth. His fancy and his judgment are always in their proper place—his genius has no risings and fallings, it is ever at its height; he has

never to wait till the caprice of talent becomes submissive—he can work, and work well, whenever he pleases. He leaves nought unfinished, with the hope that the spectator's fancy will help him out—all is touched off with the nicest care and the most masterly skill. Indeed, on his earlier pictures, he bestowed such an elaborate finish as seemed to us injurious to the effect. He is less studious now of making every button and button-hole sit for its portrait; he might have found in nature what he found in the pictures of the great masters of Italy—a breadth and a mass, and a strong light shed upon the parts expressive of character, and the rest softened delicately away without detail, or the fatigue of nice delineation.

We will conclude this hasty and very imperfect account of our distinguished painter, with two anecdotes. We happened sometime ago to be living near Canterbury, when we were accosted by a north country peasant, or wandering gardener, from the county of Fife, who took a paper from his pocket-book, and desired us to read it. This was a certificate of character, written by the Rev. Mr. Wilkie, of Cults in Fife, setting forth, that the bearer was sober and so forth. "I have heard," said the Scot, "that the Minister has a son in London, who is grown a great man—I wonder which of his sons it can be."—"It is David," we answered, "and a far-famed man he is."—"David!" he exclaimed, "what, we curly-headed David—wha would have thought that now!—and what is he great for, can ye tell me?"—"For painting," we replied, "Painting!" the man of Fife turned up his eyes, "painting! now that brings to my mind, that he used to draw the heads of the boys in the school, and me among the rest—and when he saw a boy mounting the furr for no saying his psalm, he just gloried—I maun see him some of these days." The other anecdote is this. A young man—now a painter of eminence—when the fit of art fell upon him, came to London, resolved to commence painter at once. He had a letter of introduction to a member of the Royal Academy, a distinguished one—he was received with politeness, and was emboldened to request some information concerning the mode of making up a palette and employing colours. "Young man," said this person, "there are mysteries in my art, these are of them, which are not to be told, and must be discovered by long study—I wish you a good morning." Thus repulsed, said our informant, I resolved to be more wary with Wilkie, to whom I had a letter also—I saw him, was received kindly, and as soon as possible I began to hunt for the information I wanted as ingeniously as I could. Wilkie turned sharply round, and said, "O you want to know how to prepare your palette, and commence on canvas? had you said so at first, it would have saved going round the bush—come with me." He took me into his painting-room, and would not let me go away, till he saw that I had mastered the difficulty, to a certain extent. As we parted, he said, smiling, "Come back, if I can help you further—come back at any rate." At some distant period, these anecdotes may be thought not unworthy of mingling in the biography of this distinguished painter.

MESSRS. BARRET, PYE, AND THE 'AMULET.'

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—Permit me to thank you for the courtesy which prevented your passing any remarks upon the letter of Messrs. Barret and Pye, until you had received some explanation from me. The explanation I have to offer, however, must weigh but little against the fact stated in that communication. The plate entitled 'Sunset,' was certainly published in the last number of 'Sharpe's London Magazine,' but the publishers of 'The Amulet' and myself were led to believe that its circulation was so limited, as scarcely to have been seen by the public—and had not the most remote idea, that above two or three hundred impressions had been taken from it. When the purchase was made, I wrote to Mr. Pye on the subject, but in consequence of his absence from England, I was not made aware of his view of the matter, until too late to remedy the evil, but at a loss we did not think ourselves bound to sustain.

I beg to state, that the plate when we purchased it, was in a most excellent condition—that it was one of the most satisfactory embellishments of 'The Amulet'—and that I have never seen it alluded to in any way that could have been prejudicial either to the painter or the engraver, or injurious to the publishers, until I read the letter from Messrs. Barret and Pye, in your journal of Saturday last.

Permit me to add, that the proofs originally taken, are still in the possession of the publishers, who bought them with the plate,—and that their not having been issued with "the sets," arose entirely from inadvertency. Nothing could have been farther from my wish than to give any offence, or inflict any injury, on either Mr. Barret or Mr. Pye.

I have the honour to be, Sir,  
Your most obedient servant,  
S. C. HALL.

59, Sloane Street, Dec. 29.

The public are now in possession of all the facts, and may form their own conclusion. It is admitted that the plate of an engraving, published heretofore in 'Sharpe's Magazine,' was bought by the proprietors of 'The Amulet,' cut down to the size of that Annual, and published as an original work—it is admitted that impressions of that plate were sold to the public as proofs, after three thousand four hundred impressions had been previously taken! These admitted facts are quite enough—commentary would be wasting words; but we cannot pass over the transaction, without acknowledging how much the public are indebted to Messrs. Barret and Pye, for exposing the whole proceeding—it must have a salutary influence, and help to put an end to some of the quackery in art; and we intend hereafter to lend a helping hand.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 23.—The meeting was rather thinly attended, for the first time this season. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex being at Brighton, the chair was taken by the treasurer, J. W. Lubbock, Esq.

The presents to the society's library consisted principally of foreign works. Among them were the Transactions of the Academy of Sciences, and Papers of the Royal Institute of Paris. The astronomical observations made during the voyage of Kotzebue round the world, by Professor Struve, the celebrated astronomer of Dorpat; on the utility of fixing lightning conductors in ships, by W. T. Harris; and the astronomical observations made at the observatory at Abo.

James Smith, Esq. was elected a fellow of the society.

A paper was read on the hour lines of the ancients, arising from a discovery of the outlines of a dial on the Elgin marbles, in the British Museum. It was a communication of W. A. Cadell, Esq. and tended to show some erroneous conclusions in their method of describing the semi-nocturnal and semi-diurnal arcs. The meeting then adjourned till Thursday, the 13th of January.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Dec. 23.—Henry Hallam, Esq. V. P. in the chair.—The secretary having first read the mi-

nutes of the proceedings at the last meeting, commenced an interesting letter on the Roman topography of the county of Norfolk, addressed by Mr. S. Woodward to Mr. Hudson Gurney, one of the vice presidents of the society; its completion was deferred to some future occasion.

Enos Durant and Joseph Everett, Esqrs., and the Rev. J. B. Deane, A.M. were severally balloted for and elected fellows of the society, and J. P. Collier, Esq. was formally admitted, having been previously elected to that honour. The vice president, on rising, declared the meeting of the society adjourned for the Christmas holidays, until Thursday, January 13th.

## HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 21.—The meeting of this society although well attended, had not much to boast of either in novelty or attraction. A continuation of Mr. Munro's report upon the varieties of the pineapple was read to the fellows. Mr. Allnutt, of Clapham, exhibited a very pretty variety of camellia, called Allnutt's single striped, or carnation, which, together with twenty-seven sorts of apples, ten sorts of pears, including a little-known but very superior variety, named Dower's seedling, flowers of Chimonanthus fragrans, and C. grandiflorus, and six sorts of chrysanthemums, from the society's garden, comprised the exhibition.

Major Dundas was elected a fellow of the society.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY, { Medical Society ..... Eight, P.M.  
          { Phrenological Society ..... Eight, P.M.  
TUESDAY, { Horticultural Society ..... One, P.M.  
          { Institution of Civil Engineers Eight, P.M.  
          { Artists' & Amateurs' Conversazione.  
WEDNES, { Royal Society of Literature Three, P.M.  
          { Geological Society ..... past 8 P.M.  
THURSDAY, Zoological Society ..... Three, P.M.  
SATURDAY, Westminster Medical Society Eight, P.M.

## FINE ARTS

Description of the Collection of Ancient Marbles in the British Museum. With Engravings. Part IV. Nicol.

THE present number of this work, undertaken by the trustees of the British Museum, contains the pediments of the Parthenon, with an introduction by Mr. Cockrell, who has also contributed a drawing of the temple in its present state, and a restoration of the eastern and western pediment. The statues, in nineteen plates, are from the drawings of Mr. Corbould, the successor of the lamented Mr. Alexander, and are very ably executed by the different engravers. "Of the forty-four statues, the number of which the frontispieces were probably composed," says Mr. Cockrell, "thirteen fragments are now in the Museum. Of the whole number of metopes (ninety-two), fifteen are preserved here, and forty are still in the building; and of the frieze, the whole length of which was about 524 feet 10 inches, we possess 250 feet in tolerable preservation." We sincerely hope that the possession of these splendid remains may realize the best hopes of Mr. Cockrell, and be "the means of reviving that pure taste which, since the age of Pericles, has never in the same degree recovered its dominion."

The Dutch Girl. G. S. Newton; G. T. Doo. Moon, Boys & Graves.

GENTLE reader, imagine not from the title of this print that it represents one of those vulgar creatures whom Ostade or Brouwer loved to depict, in joyful revelry with their drunken boors—nor such a one as we find peeling carrots and scouring pans on the high-finished canvas of Gerard Dow, or Mieris—nor like the ex-

quisitely-natural but homely lasses of Rembrandt; this Dutch Girl is a lovely, elegant, and well-bred lady, who, in face, in air, and grace, would not have been scorned as a model by even the accomplished masters of the Italian school: in truth, this head has, what is Newton's great excellence, a feeling—we may say a pathos—which reaches the heart. Mr. Doo's former admirable works led us to expect a gem—nor have we been greatly disappointed. If it is not equal to his 'Nature,' or to his heads of 'Lord Eldon' and the 'Duke of York,' it is only inferior. Were we forced to find fault, it should be that the hand resting on the curtain is too black: indeed, it would have been an improvement had the whole of the plate been more sparkling; it is too heavy in effect—a fault the picture had not.

Her Serene Highness Marie Thérèse, Princess Esterhazy. Engraved by Dean, from a miniature by Holmes, for 'La Belle Assemblée.'

A very sweet and beautiful picture, full of ease and grace—the mouth indeed is perfection, but we must object that it is the perfection of the drawing-school rather than of nature, and the left arm, from the elbow to the wrist, is out of all proportion—there is however a sweet voluptuous beauty about the picture that scorns all criticism.

Illustrations of the Waverley Novels—"The Abbot."

THESE illustrations are improving. The present engraving, by C. Heath, after Chalon, has a good deal of merit. Mary indeed is rather more like a mistress of Louis XIV, than "the inspired image of a Grecian prophetess," and the attendant picking up the cap is very awkward; but, as a whole, the picture is a good one. The vignette, by Landseer, is also clever.

A Century of Birds from the Himalaya Mountains. By John Gould, A.L.S. London, 1831.

THE first number of this series of illustrations is now on our table, and contains five examples of undescribed birds from India, drawn on stone, and coloured from nature.

The artist has been eminently successful in the delineation of the various forms; the feathers are touched with softness and delicacy, and there is, besides, an attention to minute details in the markings of the beak, legs, and feet, which must gratify the systematic ornithologist. The colouring is managed with great care and brilliancy.

Temperature exercises its influence on forms in ornithology as well as in botany. In these five birds, from an elevation on the Himalaya mountains, which produces an equality in point of climate with the north of Europe, we observe three of the well-known forms of our own European genera; the first, third, and fourth plates are the examples. The new pheasant, of the second plate, is a splendid specimen of Eastern plumage.

We can, with confidence, recommend this work to all our ornithological friends, and will venture to promise the author distinguished and extensive patronage, in return for a continuance of equal labour and ability.

## THEATRICALS

## THE PANTOMIMES.

"WHAT wonderful changes have taken place lately!" is an exclamation in, and out of, every body's mouth now—and very just it is. Harlequin Fate has been flying from kingdom to kingdom, and strange indeed are the antics he has played and the transformations he has effected. Kings have been changed into private gentlemen—kingdoms into public property. Ministers of State have been turned, four at a

time, into common felons, and the chains which their hands had forged and uttered for the people, have been returned upon those hands by the people. The schoolmaster has been abroad, and to some purpose, for in one country he has been changed into a king! In the meantime we have not been without our changes at home—we have had a change in the ministry, and a considerable change in the weather—the last rumour, if not already changed, is on *Change*. People walk up and down the Strand in crowds asking in vain for (Exeter) *Change*; nor is this sort of thing confined to the poorer classes, for numbers of people with large notes in their possession have been seen calling for change. From the giddy contemplation of all these and other changes going on upon the stage of the world, we turn with pleasure for a few hours relief to those produced by the more innocent trickery of the theatres. Personally speaking, we are not ashamed to confess that we always have been fond of a pantomime—that we are now, and that we expect to continue so, until the great change shall take place in ourselves.

## DRURY-LANE.

When we say that we are fond of a pantomime, we don't mean to assert that we like a bad one; under which denomination we regret being obliged to class 'Davy Jones, or, Harlequin and Mother Carey's Chickens.' We regret it on account of the theatre, on account of ourselves in particular, and on account of school boys and girls at large. Our loss, however, is only negative, for we lose but the laugh we expected to enjoy; while that of the managers, we fear, will be positive, for a pantomime without a horse-laugh, is like a gig without a horse—neither can go on. We miss from this piece all that wit, humour, and useful satire upon prevalent absurdities, of which the bustling part of a pantomime ought mainly to consist. There is no better corrector for the follies of those who pretend to be wise, than practical wisdom from one who does not pretend to be anything but a fool.

"A worthy fool—motley's the only wear."

And yet the manufacturer of 'Davy Jones,' forgetting, seemingly, that "Christmas comes but once a year," has thrown away his opportunity. The opening is a burlesque on 'Black-eyed Susan,' indifferently done, and peculiarly ineffective, from having been so recently forestalled at the Adelphi in 'The Thames Pilot.' This last circumstance is more misfortune than fault, because the pantomime was probably arranged before the Adelphi piece appeared; still, it adds to the general dullness—which was quite needless. We shall not attempt a detail of the tricks and changes: there was no novelty about any of them, and they possessed nothing to distinguish them from those we have seen over and over again, but the pre-eminent clumsiness with which they were most of them executed. The performers did their best, but they are none of them entitled to the highest honours of their class. Mr. Pantaloon Blanchard, we think, appeared to most advantage, but he is by no means equal to Mr. Barnes, who is gone back to his old quarters at Covent Garden. Blanchard is the more active, Barnes the more droll—they have kept the tumbler and sent away the runner. Talking of the performers—why, in the name of polygamy, do we have two columbines at this theatre? Is it to scandalize our morality, and destroy the useful lesson which used to be conveyed of constancy through every change, and its ultimate reward? or is it to make up to Harlequin in quantity for what is wanting in quality? In either case it is an odious innovation; and if Harlequin must have two wives, we recommend them, on every account, alternate days. The scenery of the pantomime is

mostly very poor, but we were rewarded for "all our travail past" by Mr. Stanfield's magnificent Diorama at the end. We will not attempt to describe what must be seen to be appreciated, and what should be seen by all lovers of scenic painting. It is enough here to say that it cannot fail to advance even Mr. Stanfield's reputation. This splendid exhibition saved the piece, which had for some time previously been going on under an occasional mixture of gentle applause and ungentle hisses, although the play-bills, with their usual adherence to truth, assert that it met with "decided and triumphant success."

## COVENT-GARDEN.

*Harlequin Pat and Harlequin Bat, or, the Giant's Causeway.*—This is a better Pantomime than the one at Drury Lane, but only enough better to keep up the charter, which Covent Garden has rarely, if ever, broken through, of producing the better of the two. It is not so good as a Covent Garden Pantomime ought to be—and we feel the less inclined to make allowance, because it always appears to us, that a comparative failure at this house only arises because they won't avoid it, whereas, many years' experience has convinced us that, at Drury Lane, they actually can't. That this superiority in all the departments of art, called into activity on such an occasion, should have existed in any given season, is not extraordinary; but, that it should have continued through successive changes of years and hands, is a problem which can only be solved by supposing, that there is something in the air of Covent Garden which exercises as favourable an influence on Pantomimes as that of Woodburne upon the wearing apparel of *The Domino*. The speaking opening of 'Harlequin Pat' has not much to recommend it, but it is tolerably good, and Mr. Power exerts himself with great good humour to give it all the effect of which it is susceptible. As soon as he has resigned in favour of Mr. Ellar, the bustle begins and proceeds pleasantly enough, accompanied by scenery, most of which is good, to the end. There is nothing particularly striking except the *Clown* and *Pantaloon*, and we again miss those sarcastic hits at reigning follies in which a Pantomime ought to abound. One exception we can call to mind, and we do it with much satisfaction, as illustrative of our position, that much good may be effected by such means. The *Pantaloon* is run through the body with a red-hot poker—the *Clown* is either called or comes in, and after rubbing his back with some ointment calls for some cabbage-leaves and puts them over the hole, immediately after which he asks his patient how he feels, and is answered by Mr. Barnes, "that he has't been so well for a long while." This wholesome application of satire to the faces of the thousands who will see the Pantomime is better calculated to deter them from submitting to unwholesome applications to their backs, than all the denunciations of medical men or even coroner's juries. Should the run-away quack, whose deadly rubbings have given rise to this painful but necessary joke, again escape the fangs of the law, and again propose to continue his destructive courses, we wish the poor idiots who might else have been inclined to trust their lives to him, no better protection than to have witnessed the scene we allude to. Surely they will not fail to recollect the red-hot poker and the other fool. The performers here deserve well of their country, at least, of the Pantomime-loving portion of it. Mr. Ellar is the best *Harlequin* spinning; Mr. Paulo the only *Clown* whose personal humour entitles him to aspire to the intelligible vacancy of the immortal *Grimaldi*—and as to Mr. Barnes—talk of a silver spoon indeed! assuredly, he was born in pantaloons. Miss Louisa Johnstone is a pretty dark girl, and a pretty fair *Columbine*.

## ADELPHI THEATRE.

We said we liked a Pantomime, and it is well we do, for three consecutive nights of it are enough to satisfy the voracity of a school-boy, and almost enough to choke anybody else; but our duty to the public must be done, although we look at these exhibitions until our head spun like Harlequin's. We were, unfortunately, a little too late to witness the commencement of 'Grimalkin the Great, or, Harlequin and the King of the Cats,' and we cannot therefore give a categorical account of the introduction; but we found the audience in the best possible humour, and it is but fair to presume, that all had gone well so far. For the rest we can speak, and may safely recommend this production as one of the most mirth-exciting of its class. The rigidity of even Pantomime criticism must not, we suppose, be applied to this little temple of fun. We go to laugh, and we come away having been "fooled to the top of our bent." We must not expect very effective scenery in so small a space, but we have all the rest in something very like perfection. The machinery is very neatly executed, and there is, in particular, a long and extremely well-managed scene in which the *Clown* (and a good *Clown* he is) sits down to supper under the idea that he is going to enjoy "all the delicacies of the season," and is (of course through the tantalizing intervention of Harlequin) deprived one by one of every article of his eatables and drinkables. Another main feature, is, a *Pas de Quatre* in sabots, which was anything but a clog on the amusements of the evening. The *paten-tée* of this dance deserves great credit for his invention. A regiment of Life Guards in full trot over the stones, could scarcely produce a more head-rending "clattering-battering." There are various other bits of capital fun, which we have not space to enumerate: we have praised the *Clown*, and have only to say, that

The Harlequin's good,  
And the Pantaloon's good,  
"And they're all good fellows together."

## THE SURREY THEATRE

Is requested to accept our apologies this week, and our company next. The business of pleasure has kept us fully employed as yet upon this side of the water; and, besides, the weather has been somewhat forbidding. We have, however, cleared up the first, and the second seems inclined to clear itself; so that by next Saturday, our readers may expect to find "White Surrey" in "the field."

## OLYMPIC THEATRE.

We are not aware whether it is decided that this little theatre shall change its name upon its approaching union with Madame Vestris. In announcing, therefore, its intended opening on Monday next, we shall call it by the name in which it was first christened. We must make all reasonable allowance for the haste in which this lady must have been compelled to clean her house and glean her company, but still, we have no doubt that all that spirit and liberality can have done in so short a time, will have been effected. We understand the pieces fixed to open with stand at present thus:—a melo-drame, in which Miss Foote will appear; a new mythological burlesque, in which the principal part has been arranged expressly for Madame Vestris; and a farce, in which Mrs. Glover will take the lead. As the bills are not yet out, some trifling change may be in contemplation; but, doubtless, there will be ample amusement to repay those who go to welcome their old favourite in her new quarters. We have been happy to hear that, even now, although the public know nothing of what is to be played, the boxes are entirely and fashionably taken. For ourselves, we wish this clever actress every success, and trust that we shall soon have to say to her,

"Gratulor" Olympicum "titula accedero Vestris."



## KING'S THEATRE.

M. Deshayes arrived yesterday from Paris, and the whole chorographic troop are hourly expected to follow. The ballet of Kenilworth, which has been long preparing under the superintendence of this great artist, is announced for the opening of the theatre, and will be put in immediate rehearsal.

There never was so much difficulty experienced, as this season, in engaging a first woman for the commencement, all the continental *Prime Donne* are firmly fixed in their respective thrones until Easter, after which time, our manager will be in great force in both the opera and ballet department.

Sontag was offered *carte blanche*, and she replied, that she certainly would have filled it up, but that she has absolutely and for ever quitted the stage as a vocation.

Laporte has been detained in Paris thus long, by the difficulties he experienced in the several negotiations he was carrying on with foreign capitals; he has at length, however, succeeded in securing Madame Vestpertman, to begin with, the *Prima Donna* of Munich, a country-woman of, and by many considered nearly equal to, the Siren Sontag herself.

## ON ELLAR'S EXCELLENT PERFORMANCE OF HARLEQUIN.

Two actors for two several stages born, 'Old Drury' and 'The Garden' did adorn: The first, in humour rich and quaint surpassed, In animal vivacity, the last; The force of nature could no further go, To make a third she joined the other two— And a whole trio we behold within Thy single person—Ellar, Harley-Quin.

R.

## MISCELLANEA

**Reform among Biblioplists.**—The booksellers in the United States have agreed to hold two book-fairs annually, the one at Boston, and the other in Philadelphia; in both places their stocks are to be disposed of by public auction.

**Platina Currency.**—The emission of three and six-rouble pieces, which was made by the Russian government about eighteen months ago, has been attended with so satisfactory a result, that they have directed the coining of twelve-rouble pieces of the same metal. They are to be of the same size and form as the silver rouble. The three-rouble piece, which we have seen, is rather less than a shilling in circumference, but half as thick again,—very neatly cast, of a steely appearance, and emits scarcely any sound when struck. Its weight appeared to us to be considerably more than that of a sovereign, and this, consequently, forms its best protection against the ingenuity of the forger.

**Slaves in America.**—In the notice of the 'American Society's Report' upon the colonization of free people of colour, in our last paper, Mr. Jefferson's forebodings as to the consequence of slavery are incidentally alluded to. Mr. Jefferson was, perhaps, the most practically wise man of his time, and being a Virginian, his judgment was formed on observation; we are therefore obliged to a friend, who has transcribed from his memoirs a passage relating to the subject, which may gratify some of our readers, and furnish matter of reflection to others. "Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate, than that these people are to be free; nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government. Nature, habit, opinion, have drawn indelible lines of distinction between them. It is still in our power to direct the process of emancipation and deportation peaceably, and in such slow degree, as that the evil will wear off insensibly, and

their place be, *pari passu*, filled up by free white labourers. If, on the contrary, it is left to force itself on, human nature must shudder at the prospect held up. We should in vain look for an example in the Spanish *deportation or deletion* of the Moors: this precedent would fall far short of our case."

**Military Force of Switzerland.**—From a recent publication on the Swiss Confederacy, it appears that the population of Switzerland consists of 2,000,000 souls; that the federal force amounts to 33,758 men, independently of the reserve, which is double that number; and that the militia, or "armed *Landwehr*," is composed of 140,000. The amount of Swiss troops in foreign pay at the beginning of the year 1830, was 18,136; and these were liable, in case of emergency, to be recalled and employed in the service of their native country.

**Cheap and Speedy Justice.**—The Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, a brother of our present Queen, gave directions on the 11th of October last, that, for the future, an open sitting of the local magistracy should take place once a week, or at the least, once a fortnight, in every district under his sway; that justice should be administered *without the intervention of lawyers*, who shall on no account be admitted into court; that the cases shall be argued orally and *sans fees*; and that where a complaint or indictment requires the being committed to paper, the complainor or accuser shall be bound personally to deliver in his protocol.

**Botanic Gardens, Petersburg.**—M. Louis Riedel, the botanist, attached to the scientific expedition of M. Langsdorff to Brazil, has brought home upwards of one thousand living plants; some of them are very rare, and many are not to be found in any other botanical collection in Europe.

The *Western Argus* announces the translation of lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy, Chemistry, &c. into Irish, by a Mr. White Robinson.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of  | Thermom.  | Barometer. | Winds.         | Weather.      |
|----------|-----------|------------|----------------|---------------|
| W. Mon.  | Max. Min. | Noon.      |                |               |
| Th. 23   | 38 15     | 29.16      | W. to N.       | Clear.        |
| Fr. 24   | 33 14     | 29.15      | N. W.          | Iditto.       |
| Sat. 25  | 16 10     | 29.00      | S. W. to N.    | Iditto.       |
| Sun. 26  | 15 31     | Stn.       | N. E.          | Iditto.       |
| Mon. 27  | 31 29     | 28.80      | N.             | Cloudy.       |
| Tues. 28 | 36 33     | 28.65      | S. E. to N. W. | Snow.         |
| Wed. 29  | 38 33     | 29.32      | S. W.          | Cloudy. p. m. |

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cumulus, Cumulostratus, and Cirrostratus.

Nights and mornings frosty. Frost commenced on Wednesday night. An Aurora Borealis on Saturday night.

Mean temperature of the week, 24°.

Mean temperature of the former week, 36½°.

## Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Mars in conjunction on Thursday, at 5h. 45m. p. m.  
The Moon in perigee on Monday, at 2h. p. m.  
Saturn's geocentric long. on Wed. 1° 34' in Virgo.  
Mars — — — 1° 46' in Aries.  
Venus — — — 9° 29' in Capricorn.  
Sun's — — — 7° 20' in Ditto.  
Length of day on Wed. 7h. 48m.; increased, 4m.  
Sun's horary motion 2' 32". Logarithmic number of distance 6.99269.

## Athenæum Advertisement.

## NOTICES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

**Forthcoming.**—A popular Sketch of the History of Poland, by Mr. Thomas, author of *Early English Prose Romances*.

A New Paper is about to appear, called *The Essex Standard*. From the announcement, and the name, we conclude it will be High Tory.

**Just subscribed.**—Serious Poems for Young People, by Mrs. Thomas, 6s.—Burton's Treatise on Classical Learning, 3s.—Major Leitch Hay's Narrative of the Peninsular War, 22 engravings, 2 vols. 12mo. 21s.—Woodfall's Landlord and Tenant, by Harrison, royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Classical Library, No. 13, Tacitus, Vol. 3, 4s. 6d.—Divines of the Church of England, No. 8,

Barrow, Vol. 3, 7s. 6d.—A Treatise on Regeneration, by the Rev. Henry Gips, 2nd edit. 32mo. 1s. 6d.—Observations on the Prophecies of Daniel by Sir I. Newton, with notes, translated by P. Borthwick, 16s.—London University Calendar, 4s.—Mothers and Daughters, a Tale of the year 1830, 1l. 11s. 6d.—The Turf, 2 vols. 15s.—Journal of a Nobleman, 2 vols. 21s.—Scenes of Life, 2 vols. 21s.—Life of Lord Byron, by Thomas Moore, Esq. Vol. 2, 4to. 2l. 2s.—Aldine Poets, Vol. 9, Cowper, Vol. 3, 5s.—An Only Son, a narrative, 6s.—Sermons by J. Parsons, 12s.—Dibdin's Sunday Library, Vol. 1, 5s.—Lardner's Cabinet Encyclopedia, Vol. 14, 6s.—Coombe on Mental Derangement, 7s. 6d.—Time's Telescope, 1831, 9s.—Cooper's Foyers, 1s. 6d.—Grief Disarmed, by S. Patrick, D.D. new edition, 3s. 6d.—National Library, Vol. 5, 6s.—M'Leod's and Dewar's Gaelic Dictionary, 21s.—Millington's Epitome of Mechanical Philosophy, 2nd edit. 15s.—The Rectory of Valehead, 2nd edit. 6s.—Prometheus of Æschylus, with English Notes and Examination Questions, by Valpy, 5s.—Valpy's Greek Testament, with English Notes, 3 vols. 8vo. third edition, 2l. 5s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to Master Brook. We have considered the subject, and it will not do.—Other correspondents next week.

A few sets of *The Athenæum* have been made perfect, and may be had of the publisher.—Title-page and Index will be delivered with the present number to the subscribers of last year, *gratis*.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

## THE SCIENTIFIC GAZETTE.

This day is published, price 4d., No. IV. of THE SCIENTIFIC GAZETTE.

Contents.—Spontaneous Combustion of Vegetable Substances. Humboldt's Journey to Siberia. Subterranean Temperature of the United States. Description of the Monks and Arctic Wares. Evaporation in Vacuo. Experiments on Tincture. Naval Architecture. Death of Thomas Carpenter, Esq.; with the usual variety of Proceedings of Scientific Societies. Chemistry, Geology, Natural History, Astronomy, Mathematics, &c.

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The public, we apprehend, concerns itself very little, if at all, with the notices which influence those who are candidates for its patronage. What are the pretensions of the candidates themselves, and what is the evidence that they deserve the patronage they seek? Let the former be obvious, let the latter be conclusive, and the public is satisfied. Well, then, what are our pretensions? We state them fearlessly. They consist in the tone we have already given to that department of our periodical literature which is devoted to the reading of females. Are we asked, when and where we imparted this tone? Our answer shall be given to those who do not already penetrate our meaning on an occasion which is at hand, when we shall have something more to tell, perchance, than what merely relates to THIS FACT.

What is the evidence that we deserve the patronage we seek? It must, of necessity, for a time, lie in our professions. But we know our strength so well—we rely with such justifiable confidence upon our resources—we feel so proud in the gallant bearing of the literary heroes who have crowded to our standard, and by the aid of whose well-disciplined prowess we intend to open a campaign which shall speak for us in our first onset, better than we can speak for ourselves, by anticipation—even though our voice were 'trumpet-tongued'—that we are content to answer this general question by the simple declaration, that, as we are deeply conscious of all the deficiencies it is our object to supply, so are we prepared to stand or fall by the security we shall offer of our competency to supply them.

Contents.—1. The Unrevealed; by the Unknown. 2. The Phrenologist. 3. The Life of the Duke of Sully. 4. A Dirge. 5. Extracts from the Note-Book of an Oxonian. 6. The Political Body. 7. Ancient Ballads. 8. The Editor's Room. 9. The Oxford Circuit. 10. Miriam, a Hebrew Tale. 11. Titled Authors—and the Keenlake. 12. New Year's Eve. 13. Soug; Thos. H. Bayly. Fine Arts, Drama, Varieties, and Archives of the Court.

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of adding the above Paper to the Journals already in circulation in the county is, to supply a deficiency hitherto generally complained of by the friends of loyal and constitutional principles. "Measures, not men," is the motto of the editor, whose endeavour will be earnestly directed to advance the general welfare of the county, and to maintain the real interests of all classes of the community. Agriculture will form a distinguished feature of the Paper. Advertisements, articles of local information, and general literary communications, are requested to be addressed to 'The Editor of the Essex Standard, Chelmsford,' to the Agents in the principal towns of the county; to Messrs. Newton & Co., Warwick-square, London; and Mr. Barker, Fleet-street, London. Prospectuses, containing a more general development of the views of the 'Standard,' may be had of the Booksellers.

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